

THIRD WEEKLY ISSUE OF

AUGUST 30, 1954

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED



35 CENTS

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JIMMY JEMAIL

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOT BOX

The Question: Who are the bigger liars, golfers or fishermen?

The Answers:



SYNNAMAN HESSE
SEOUL, SOUTH KOREA
PRESIDENT

"I don't know golfers. But fishermen don't lie. They just tell beautiful stories. I went fishing with General Anderson. The poor man didn't catch a fish.

I caught 14. Yes, 14. No, this isn't a beautiful story. But the fish were beautiful to see."



Mrs. CORINNE CRAWFORD
ROCKVILLE, MD.
HOME

"Fishermen. My husband, Colonel Crawford of the Air Force, tells a corser. Fishing for tuna, he was strapped to his rod, but not to his chair. A giant

tuna struck his line and yanked him overboard. He clung on until picked up. And he reeled the tuna in. So he said."



JOE GALE
GREENHURST ISLAND, N.Y.
CAPT., 14 U.S. TROOP TROOP

"I gave up golf 10 years ago. The lies of the other golfers stamped me. They would kick a ball out of the rough, forget strokes and play someone else's ball. So I went back to nature. Fish can't throw curves at you. In last year's competition, my team didn't sight a tuna."



Mrs. LOU MARSTON
NEW YORK CITY
CHAMPION FISHERWOMAN

"Fishermen. Not Never. They know fact is stronger than fiction. I saw Al Pfleger, famous Florida tinseltown, ride the back of a huge shark. The boat

struggled to dive, but couldn't. Al's fingers dug in his gills, forcing his head up. You think I lie? We took pictures. Ask Al."



HARRY S. BLAIR
FELHAM, N.Y.
EXECUTIVE

"Golfers. Believe me, they are. I'm a golfer. Every time my opponents disappear behind a tree or in the rough, they forget to count strokes. I buy the

drinks every time. Everyone gives me the horse laugh. Henny doesn't pay. Not when playing golf."



KIMBERLY WAIN
APPLETON, WIS.
WIFE

"There's no difference. Not that we mean to lie. The thrill of doing and then of retelling becomes an automatic exaggeration. I've had luck in both sports. In golf I hit three sand traps and made a five par. And I caught a 1,225-pound black marlin, a world record."



FRED A. NELMS
FOUNT RIDGE, N.Y.
EXECUTIVE

"Golfers. I should know. I'm co-president of the Hackensack Golf Club and a Canada Minnisch River salmon fisherman. The golfer talks in hundreds of yards. The fisherman talks in inches. I have a folder, 'How to Win at Golf.' Inside was one word, 'Close.'"



BILL KLAMM
ROCKVILLE CENTER, N.Y.
AUTOMOBILE DEALER

"The true golfer never lies. He bends over backwards to obey the rules. He'll call a penalty shot on himself. The run-of-the-mill fisherman, however, is more apt to lie or exaggerate. Water does magnify the size of the one that got away."



NORMA HOWARD
HARTFORD HILL, N.Y.
HOMES

"Golfers, the male variety. Most men are liars, anyway. The 'lies' they give you. One tried to court me with stories about his golf. He said he belonged to 'The Hole-in-One Club.' Is there a 104% honest golfer? If so, he's the man a girl should marry."



OVIDIO POMA
COCOA BEACH, FLORIDA
U.S. VISITOR

"Fishermen. In my country we don't use rods and reels. We blast dynamite in a river or lake. The fish are stunned and go to the bottom. Then we dive for them. I've heard some fantastic stories about the number of fish my friends have brought up."

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

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Memo from the Publisher

You will normally find "The 19th Hole," our letters-to-the-editors column, at the end of each week's *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. This week, however, "The 19th Hole" is right in the middle of the course—because we have a most welcome overflow gathering.

On behalf of our entire staff, I want to extend thanks to everyone who has written us. Pages 37-44 are devoted to some of your letters.

* * *

Lack of space has kept us from printing all of the letters we would have liked to print, and lack of time from answering them all—but you can be sure that we will answer every one, plus those we hope you will send us in the future.

As you will see, we have heard from men and women in all walks of life, from many parts of call—from those in the arts and sciences, the trades and the professions, as well as from those who devote their lives entirely to sport. We couldn't be more gratified.

* * *

For "The 19th Hole" is to be a meeting place for the wide and varied fraternity which enjoys sports. And we hope that it will have the relaxed and congenial atmosphere which marks the end of the game or the finish of the race; the return to camp from a day of good fishing; the warmth of the lodge after a long afternoon's skiing. It's a fine place to talk over the time-when and the-one-that-got-away and the-one-that-didn't; and perhaps to think about what the chances are tomorrow.

—H. H. S. PHILLIPS JR.

Subscription Rate: 1 yr., \$14.95, U.S., Canada and
foreign military personnel anywhere in the
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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's editorial and advertising
matters to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 5 Rock-
efeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

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PAT ON THE BACK

Herewith a salute from the editors to men and women of all ages who have fairly earned the good opinion of the world of sport, regardless of whether they have yet earned its tallest headlines

International News



IDA LANG of Hollywood, Calif. took up diving 37 years ago to strengthen her legs during a four-year bout with polio. Today at 60, she is coaching youngsters and still giving exhibitions from the 18- and 20-foot boards in polio benefit shows. Trained for the 1924 Olympics by Matt Mann, University of Michigan swimming coach, she still outperforms divers a third her age.

George Miller



Wesley A. Beardsley

EARL BUCHHOLTZ JR. of St. Louis has been playing tennis since he was three. Now 31th ranked in boys' tennis at 13, he whipped 64 entrants to win the Junior Chamber of Commerce tennis tournament, his first national championship. Encouraged by his victory, Earl will make tennis a career.



VERN GRIMLEY, 18-year-old Garden City, Kans. high-school freshman, learned trapshooting two years ago from his grandfather, Moss Kell, a crack shot. This year Vern broke 95 of 100 targets to beat 172 others (including his grandfather) and became the youngest ever to win the Missouri-Kansas title.



George Miller

MIKE HEGAN, four-year veteran of the East Lynn (Mass.) Little League at 11, hopes to follow his father, Cleveland Catcher Jim Hegan, into the big leagues. Coached by such stars as Al Rosen and Len Biese, Mike led his team to the local title, hit .577 and pitched six victories in seven games.

John M. McCongill



BILL MCINTYRE III, strapping 15-year-old son of a St. Petersburg, Fla. letter carrier, began fishing in a goldfish bowl at three. Last year he entered the tarpon tournament in his home town and caught a 135-pounder to finish second. This year he won with a 185-pound giant, largest tournament catch in 14 years, will bank his \$1,000 prize toward a college education.

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|-----------------------|---|
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| full weights | |
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beat faster!

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By JULIAN SYNDER and PEARCE KATHU

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COVER: Girl in the reef

Photograph by RICHARD MEEK

Even an infunder can feel the tug of the sea, the clinging chill and the salty exhilaration of surf basking in this cool, blue picture of pretty Pamela Nelson, wife of a Navy officer, who was swimming at Jones Beach, Long Island when Photographer MEEK came by in his swim trunks and carrying, of all things, an underwater camera. MEEK decided to shoot above water at this target of opportunity.

Artwork by JAMES H. HARRIS

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE RONNIE KNOX STORY

Harvey Knox, America's most ambitious football player, tells in his own words why he took his quarterback steps out of the University of California

THE PEOPLE COME INTO ITS OWN

An account of one of America's most popular dogs by Alice Winney, with photographs in COLOR

HOW BOBO ROBERTS FISHED

With a new camera Mark Kauffman takes the reader into the boater's den in COLOR

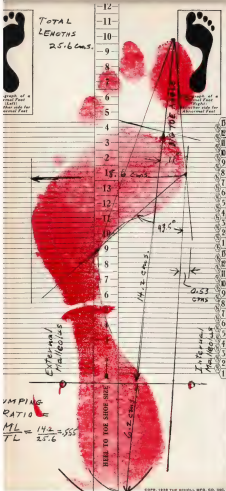
WHAT HAPPENED AT GETHRIFT

Herbert Warren Wind reports on the U.S. Amateur golf tournament

TOTAL
LENGTHS
25.6 cms.

Graph of a
real Foot
(Left)
that ends the
normal Foot

Graph of a
real Foot
(Right)
that ends the
abnormal Foot



THE TIP BANNISTER

It made him run faster

by JULIAN BRYDER

ROGER BANNISTER was the "mile of the century" from John Landy at Vancouver because, in the last grueling quarter, he had the stamina to put on a tremendous finishing spurt. It is no reflection on a great champion to say that Bannister might have lost to Landy—might, in fact, never have run the four-minute mile at all—if in the spring of 1952 he had not met Thomas Kirk Cureton, Ph.D., an American scientist with revolutionary ideas about body conditioning.

The training exercises Dr. Cureton suggested to Bannister are, he believes, equally valuable to nonathletes of almost any age. They can make a runner run faster—and they may make the average man live longer. "There is no reason," Cureton says, "why any man can't be as fit at fifty as he was at twenty—provided he knows how to train his body."

The fateful, and heretofore unpublished, encounter between Bannister and Cureton occurred at a time when the English mile, already the champion of Britain, was warming up for the Olympic Games. His training methods, which had enabled him to win the British title in 1951 in 4:07.8, were calculated to give him the best pair of legs in the world. "The art of record-breaking," he has said, "is the ability to take more out of yourself than you've got." Five days a week, year-round,

← The feet that first ran the four-minute mile were printed in 1952 by Dr. Cureton during his examination of Bannister. The prints are shown here life-size.

THAT LED TO VICTORY

and may prolong your life

and PERCY KNAUTH

Bannister ran to the point of collapse. "You punish yourself more and more," he said, "and rest between spells."

Four thousand miles away Dr. Cureton, director of the Physical Fitness Laboratory at the University of Illinois, was pursuing similar ideas. Like Bannister, he reasoned that consistent, repeated workouts, always extended to the limit of endurance, would bring an athlete gradually to higher and higher performance peaks. Unlike the British miler, however, the scientist was convinced that the body as a whole (in the case of a runner, not just the legs) could and should be trained to contribute to the athlete's total effort.

THE ALMOST-PERFECT MACHINE

In May of 1952 Dr. Cureton went to Europe to make tests of the overall muscular endurance of European champion athletes. In London Cureton asked Bannister if he would let himself be tested. The miler agreed, and presented himself at the laboratory in the Royal Free Hospital where Dr. Cureton's testing apparatus was set up.

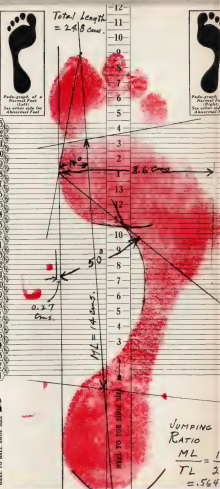
Some of the results were surprising. The 128 tests proved Bannister to be a potentially perfect running machine. His circulatory system, a fundamental component of any athlete's endurance, was the most efficient Dr. Cureton had ever seen. His heart was the largest he had ever recorded—25% over normal in relation to his body size. His build was ideal for middle-distance running. But in virtually every category which did not bear directly on running the champion-to-be was below the average of nonathletes tested.

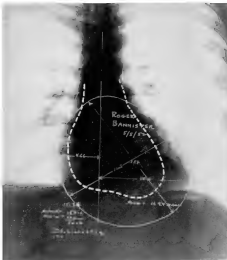


Total Length
= 24.8 cms.

HEEL TO BALL SHOE SIZE

HEEL TO TOE SLIP SIZE





BANNISTER'S HEART. Dr. Cureton found, it phenomenal; it is 25% larger than the normal (dotted line) and beats about

18 times a minute compared to the average for his age of 72. His circulation is three times as good as that of most young men.

He was able to perform only six of the 18 tests that make up Cureton's "screening" test (see chart, opposite).

THREE VITAL HOURS

"After the tests were finished," Dr. Cureton recalls, "we sat in a restaurant and talked for three hours about his training methods, about his test results, and what they meant." Bannister was too good a medical student not to realize the importance of the findings. "He was keenly interested," Dr. Cureton said. "He appeared hungry for an exchange of ideas." Finally, Bannister asked Cureton for his recommendations.

"I told Bannister," Dr. Cureton says, "that he needed more of the 'test exercise' type of training, imitating our test of muscular endurance. I recommended that he do more and more 'overload exercises' to push back his tolerance limit and toughen all of the muscles related to running, as well as to cultivate a more improved pace."

At this point Bannister had to make

a hard decision. To follow Dr. Cureton's advice meant taking up a whole new set of exercises—and the Olympic Games were barely nine weeks away. It was Bannister's ambition then to break the record in the metric mile set by Jack Lovelock 18 years before. His hopes and those of England were set on his winning. He decided finally to postpone any changes in his training until after the Games were over.

He ran the great race poorly. Nervous, uncertain of his pace, he found himself boxed in, was jostled off his stride when he swung wide, jostled again. He gave everything he had but the finishing kick made famous at Vancouver was just not there. The U.S.'s Bob McMillen passed him in the final stretch; Bannister barely made fourth place and staggered off to the grass, utterly exhausted.

"I just didn't have the stamina for so sustained a program," he admitted later. Lovelock's record had been beaten by the first six men, himself included, but the defeat was the greatest disappointment of his life. "If I could

go back and do it over again," he said, "I'd make sure that I not only was the fastest but also the strongest."

Bannister dropped out of the headlines after his defeat in the Olympic Games, and it was 18 months before he was heard of again. That fall and winter, however, he added the endurance exercises Dr. Cureton had discussed with him to his training program. Running and jogging alternate quarter-miles, he drove himself to collapse time and again, and when not running he did endurance hops, squat jumps, sitting backs, side leg-raising, push-ups, pull-ups and other exercises which showed him deficient in the Cureton testing system. By May of 1953, he was ready to try a record run again.

At Iffley Road track in Oxford on May 2, paced by Chris Chataway, Bannister ran the mile in 4:3.8, cutting 2.8 seconds off the British record set by Sidney Woodeson 16 years before.

On June 27, paced by Don MacMillan and Chris Brasher in a deliberate attempt on the four-minute mile, he reached 4:52, the third fastest mile in history, setting a record which was later shattered.

On July 11, winning the British AAA title, Bannister finished in 4:53.2 for the third fastest mile in British history.

And on May 6, 1954, after another winter of all-out training, Bannister became the first man in human history to run the four-minute mile.

The theory behind the training system which helped Roger Bannister to run the four-minute mile is a relatively simple one. A major factor of an athlete's performance and endurance is the amount of oxygen carried through his bloodstream to his muscles. "By keeping a high volume of blood moving through his body," as Dr. Cureton explains it, "the athlete keeps his blood vessels constantly active and thus prevents them from thickening." When they do thicken and the active flow of blood is slowed, muscle fatigue sets in and the athlete loses his stamina. In a lesser this can make the one-time champion of the lightning job a sitting duck for a punch from a less expert

continued on page 28

This test revealed Roger Bannister's—weak points. You can try it at home.

Eleven of 18 in passing grade in Dr. Cureton's test of balance, flexibility, strength, power and endurance. It requires no apparatus and anyone can record his own score in columns at far right. Bannister took it, at 23, and passed only six. Rev. Hub Richards, when 21, scored 16, while Dr. Cureton, at 24, passed all 18.

Careton's 18 tests of fitness

Cureton's 18 tests of fitness		Major BARNHARTER Age 21		Thomas E. CURETON Age 18		Rev. Bob REICHARD Age 25		Normal Adult Male Over 25		YOU	
		Pass	Fail	Pass	Fail	Pass	Fail	Pass	Fail	Pass	Fail
	BALANCE Dip's stance, arms outstretched, on toes, eyes closed. Hold 30 sec.	1						95%	5%		
	Squat, hands flat, toes off ground, knees outside elbows. Hold 10 sec.	2						25%	75%		
	With finger on floor, circle 10 times, stand, walk 10-foot line for 3 sec.	3						1%	99%		
	FLEXIBILITY Toes flat, knees straight. Women touch palms of hands.	4						75%	25%		
	Starts head from sitting position, knees down, walk forward 8 inches from floor (5 feet, one step after).	5						67%	33%		
	Lie on stomach, buttocks held down, hands behind neck, raise chin 18 inches from floor.	6						35%	65%		
	ACROBATIC Kneel with insteps are flat on floor. Using back and arms, not feet, spring to feet. Hold balance for 3 sec.	7						65%	35%		
	Jack-spring up from floor, touching hands to toes when waist high in the air. Repeat 3 times.	8						38%	62%		
	Squat, extend legs backward, extend legs forward, turn over, return to squat, stand; 4 times in 30 sec.	9						10%	90%		
	STRENGTH Lift partner of own weight and place on shoulders for carry in 10 sec.	10						94%	6%		
	Head on partner's knee, hands on hips, hold torso rigid for 30 sec.	11						78%	22%		
	Extended press-up from hands and toes without using elbows. Women do forearm press-ups.	12						1%	99%		
	POWER Standing broad jump, distance of your height plus one foot.	13						71%	29%		
	ENDURANCE Full-length push-up from floor 18 times. Women do 20 from knees.	14						65%	35%		
	Lie on floor. Standing partner ahead. Grasp his hands and draw up until chest strikes legs of partner.	15						79%	21%		
	Walk with legs and back off floor. Hold for 30 sec.	16						68%	32%		
	Run in place 180 sec. at 180 steps per min. Then hold breath 30 sec.	17						15%	85%		
	300 hops, 300 straddle jumps, 300 strides, 30 hops on each foot, as many squat-jumps as possible.	18						9%	91%		
TOTAL PASS-FAIL		6	12	18	0	16	2	7	11		

EXERCISE WITH TROMBONE . . . WHO'S GOT A BETTER BAT?

Warrior's farewell

THE HAWK'S MOTION, in the simplest sense, was a tragic drop in his right forefoot—something like stone bruises suffered by humans. When he pulled up lame after a workout at Belmont Park last May, his people were torn almost equally between fear and hope. X rays showed he had suffered no broken bones. But it seemed quite possible that the big gray's plunging, bruising power was simply too much for his delicate thoroughbred underpinning and that the deep-chested, heavy-thighed mechanism of his amazing body—some of the very qualities of his greatness—might be proving his undoing. He had already suffered (and recovered from) a similar injury to his left forefoot.

But few horses ever failed had Native Dancer's will to run and win, and few ever had a personality so communicable to humans. The fact that Alfred Vanderbilt and Trainer Bill Winfrey eventually began to feel that the big horse would return to the track was due in no small part to the Dancer himself. His period of treatment was necessarily slow and long, but the Dancer showed every sign of enjoying the whole process immensely.

He ate hay luxuriously while taking a hot morning foot bath and seemed much more confident of recovery than did the hundreds of anxious humans who sent him "get well" cards. He never begged at standing for hours every day with his foot bound up in the clumsy position. His sleeping habits remained unchanged—he consented to lie down for only about five hours out of 24, although he took lazy cat naps while standing up.

When he began training again at Belmont on July 1 he seemed a little reluctant to abandon his life of ease, but he prospered nevertheless. He began galloping after two weeks of easy training and did so with the same eye-catching, nerve-shaking air of power and command which had made millions of people regard him with an odd mixture of admiration, and (though he was only a horse) envy. When he won the Ontario Stakes by nine lengths, Owner Vanderbilt began plans to send him to France to conquer new worlds.

Last week, as he trained at Saratoga, the Dancer seemed to be burning with energy and a lust for excitement. Even after long workouts he bucked and siddled, and had to be gentled before consenting to go to the stable. Then, over the weekend he ran a mile and

three-eighths under an exercise rider and pulled up lame—undoing, again by his own magnificent strength. It was announced at once that the track would see him no more. "There appears to be no other choice," said Vanderbilt. "He will not race again and will enter stud at Sagamore Farm in Maryland next spring." The Dancer's day of glory was done—but he would now reap his reward—ease, shade and plenty of oats.

Trouble in paradise

THE RUSSIANS, putting more and more emphasis on sport as a medium of propaganda, are running into difficulties which Western fans will recognize, and one other which is peculiar to the Soviet culture.

Item: Ticket scalpers. *Soviet Sport*, a Moscow contemporary, complains speculators have been making \$400 on big sporting events with almost no interference from police.

Item: Drunks. The Ministry of Trade has closed down vodka stands at some stadiums in an effort to control a problem which has reached staggering proportions.

Item: Dirty football. Players have been suspended for it and the whole Moscow team has been warned.



Item: Sloppy officials. The umpiring profession is under investigation on charges of incompetence, timidity and even fraud.

Item: Painted toenails. Despite their coach's dictum that "sport is discipline, will power and toil," Soviet girl athletes who arrived for the European games headed for the department stores instead of the practice field one morning last week and later emerged from their rooms shyly displaying thorough aplomb. Lots of lipstick, rouge, mascara, powder and nail polish, the latter daubed thickly on both fingers and toes. Men athletes concentrated on purchases of fancy shoes.

Track fast

AFTER assaulting automobile-racing AA records here and abroad for some 30 years and knocking over quite a few, Captain George K. T. Eyrson, D.B.E., M.C., a lanky, blue-eyed Briton in khaki pants and work shoes, last week pitted himself and an aluminum paneled MG against a few more records on Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats.

The little MG was a bottled-up 84-horsepower job with a streamlined body 40 inches high. With Eyrson and British-born Ken Miles of Los Angeles alternating in three-hour shifts at the wheel, it became a blur, meaning streak on the ten-mile circular track.

At the end of their twelve-hour run Eyrson and Miles had put 17 records for Class F (1100-1200 cc.) cars into the books, among them the American (flying-start) record for 300 miles, 380 kilometers, 400 miles, 400 miles, 1,000 kilometers, 1,000 miles, 2,000 kilometers, and the International (standing start) record for 400 miles, 1,000 kilometers, 1,000 miles and 2,000 kilometers—all at speeds of 120 mph or better.

Then Donald Healey, designer of sports cars, set ten records in his supercharged Austin-Healey 100, including a flying mile record of 182.62 mph.

Neither has yet touched the flying or standing start record for 33½ miles (one way closed).

Fish watching (cont'd)

ON DIVERS working the depths of Lake Hopatcong in northern New Jersey have all but closed the case of the missing alewives (SI, Aug. 18). After two or three earlier the divers found drowning schools of them in thick bottom grass at a depth of 34 feet. Having thus simplified, if not solved, the problem of the fresh-water anglers who use alewives as bait, the volunteer divers, all members of the Underwater Fishermen of New Jersey, have tackled another job.

This time it is a combined fish-and-fisherman-watching operation around selected ocean jetties. The fish watchers below jet down on waterproof pads the number, species and feeding habits of fish, while the fisherman watchers (topside)—biologists from the state's fisheries lab—note the number, bait and behavior of the anglers atop the jetties. It will be a while before conclusive data is in. For one thing, Jersey water by and large is not the glass-clear wonderworld of the tropics. "At times," admits Nick Nosch, president of the Underwater Fishermen, "it's more like working in a closet." But for all this, the watchers have found a few things to benefit the surface angler.

Often when the angler disgustedly concludes there is not a fish for miles, bass will be stacked up like cordwood around his jetty. "Some of the lums going over even look good to me," reports Nosch, "but the bass don't move. Then I've seen one slap his tail on a rock; and come some buggals and

the bass onto a hergall. You'd think some of these guys would hook a hergall through the tail for bait, but they don't."

Similarly, blackfish are supposed to move away from the jetties to deeper water in midsummer, but the divers are finding blackfish hanging in the stinky green water in deep holes near the jetty tips. They can hear the blackfish making small clicking noises, and from their stomachs they have taken small green crabs and sand fleas still alive—baits that are easy to get but seldom used in midsummer.

"You can't convince just any guy on a jetty," says Mosack. "Their lines are down there, half the time the bottom hook is buried in sand or there's a crab sitting on it. Or they're out on



the end throwing their lines away, while in close—four or five feet of water—we see big bass noting calico crabs out of the sand, spitting out the hard-shell and swallowing the soft. With a rake you can get all the soft-shells you need. One guy listened to me and he got a bass."

New Jersey's interest in all this is closely related to the fact that seven or eight million dollars is spent annually there by salt-water anglers, many of them out-of-staters. On a 4th of July, Jersey has counted \$2,170 fishing from boats, and nobody knows how many more on piers, jetties, bridges, and thrashing around in the surf. Any data the state can pass on to improve catches will keep the anglers coming back for more.

"We have always felt," Roland Smith, state biologist, says, "that a good number of fishermen are dullers." Watching fishermen has tipped New

Jersey's biologists off to a number of things that most fishermen would rather have withheld from the seafloor of the nonfishing world: 1) most fishermen don't get to it until midday, although the best fishing is early morning or late afternoon, 2) the average fisherman spends \$6 to \$8 to get 72¢ worth of fish, 3) offshore party boats, often crowded with larking novices and women, catch the most fish, 4) row-boaters catch more crabs than fish, and 5) surf anglers get precious little—in fact, the wild way some surfers go at it, they might as well be standing bare-handed at the bottom of Niagara Falls.

Jersey plans to offer its scientific findings to fishermen who care about such things. But it has no notion of forcing its findings on a man; maybe that would spoil his fun.

"There will always be a fisherman who wants to fish the wrong weather and tide, the wrong bait, the wrong way," says Smith. "With everything wrong, he'll catch one big fish and he'll be the happiest man in the world."

The pool players

It is difficult for one who is not a "synchronized swimmer" to describe synchronized swimming ("Ever hear of it, Mac?") as a sport, without, we say, a certain unyachseined crumminess of tone. The activity is now officially recognized by the A.A.U. Its followers loudly hope it will be included in the Olympic Games. There is no denying that it furnishes a good many young ladies, and even a few young men, in the U.S. with good, healthful exercise. But it was hard, hang it all, not to look around for Billy Rose while watching the national championships held last week in a swimming pool at Santa Monica, Calif.

There was good reason. Synchronized swimmers engage—singly and also in teams of two and four—in exactly the same kind of contortions which are

employed by the chorus mermaids in aquatic shows. Synchronized swimmers costume themselves, if possible, even more gaudily. Under the rules of synchronized swimming, a singles competitor spends six minutes coveting to music, and in so doing associates stunts with such official labels as the Kip, the Dolphin, the Swedish fish and the Catalina.

In the championships last week, a Stephanie Witt of Monrovia, Calif., leaped into the pool dressed in a black bathing suit decorated at the navel with an alto trombone, and black stockings adorned with musical notes in silver. Her performance was entitled "A Salute to Glenn Miller," and as she perched and splashed she made frequent salutes to the sky. Another young lady wore plaid kilt, plaid stockings and a plaid hat with a feather, and posed with two fencing foils before taking her initial dive. Her act was entitled "Scotch & Water."

The championships went to 19-year-old Jeanne Royer who shot an arrow weakly into the pool before diving and demonstrated in the course of something called "The Huntress" that her toenails were painted bright green. She curtsied gracefully to applause, and after the judges made their decision the various girls kissed each other daintily. Of course, if the drive to keep American youth out of the soda parlors is to succeed, a good deal of this sort of thing must and will go on.

Secrets of Athens (Ga.)

THIS is an age when the personal life of athletes of ballplayers commands attention; as soon as a rising major league pitcher up enough horse runs he can quit about and take his pick of them. This breakfast meal has the vitamin-packed supercharge he needs. This digest into his taste zone. This bubblegum was fit his jaw, and this bat feels just right in his hands. Business representatives with pens in their hands will come answaring to sign him up—representatives from just about everywhere, that is, except the Hanna Manufacturing Company of Athens, Ga. Hanna has been making Batrice bats for 28 years, but as Hanna sees it there is no reason for their changing anybody.

As long as other bats are being made, including Hillerich and Bradely's 70-year-old favorite, the Louisville Slugger, a sudden rush to Hanna is unlikely. Yet it happens that this season, grand Hanna has had four major leagues—four world-champion Yankees—begging for bats.

Hanna and the Yankees met two years ago. "Some fellow name of Molmax or Molmax came to training camp talking about Batrice bats," recalls John Mize, who was then pinch-hitting gloriously for the Yankees. "I had used them way back in semipro ball. In 1952 I began hitting with Batrice—good, hard bats. They wouldn't dent

PULITZER PRIZE WINNER ON PUTTING

From Carl Sandburg, 76, sometime Illinoisan, sometime Michigander, sometime folk singer, now free in Flat Rock, N.C. and hankers for more golf.

SANDBURG'S:

Putt with both eyes on the ball and the club stroking the ball.

Then listen for the clump-clump of the ball dropping into the cup.

If one eye is on the ball and the other eye on the cup while putting, greatness develops.

Be cool when you putt, cool as a cube of Cumberland cucumber, cool as a cantaloupe eye in green pastures, cool as the crimsonness of frost on a windowpane in rare weather.

Good putters talk to the ball and tell it where to go, talking in a monotonously low tone only the ball can hear.

Grant and Lee were both good putters, so was Napoleon.

Pleasant thoughts help with putting.

Putting is related to marksmanship and an instinct for concerts and tap-dance.

Arnie Oakley would have made a good putter.

Where good driving is superb, ordinary, good putting is effective whispering.

A soft answer turneth away wrath.

or split. They eventually broke, of course—pitchers are always borrowing your bat. I did a book, *How to Hit*. Murray Kaufman, who helped me, wrote Batters thinking they might be pleased to have their bat mentioned. Anybody else would have jumped, but I don't think we even got an answer. Must be funny people."

Yankee Outfielder Hank Bauer borrowed one of Min's bats, and straightaway ordered his own. Three more Yankees have taken up Batters since (although one says sheepishly, "Maybe you'd better not mention my name. I've already endorsed another bat.") Casey Stengel is willing to say that there is no better bat made. But Hanna does not hurry. "I wait for bats," says the baffled Yankee road secretary, Bill McCorry, "and then a week, maybe two weeks, they get here."

But Hanna is willing to defend his odd ways. "We're down here in a red brick and frame building—used to be the Georgia Railroad depot," says Dan Greer for Hanna. "We're a stone's throw off the beaten track, you might say. We used to make shovel handles. Then we got to making bats to give Louisville a little competition—21 models in our professional, quality line. But we don't go in for this promotion much. We'd rather put the money in the bat. If our bats are harder, maybe it's our secret treatment. We don't hold sessions over the bats, nothing like that. It's chemical. I guess you'd call it a secret, though most anybody could find out if he cared."

"We did think about putting big-name players' signatures on our bats, but just about everybody has been signed. We signed Gene Verble, but he ended up back down here with Chattanooga. We signed a Fred Hatfield and a Charley Maxwell. They went up to the big show, but to tell you the truth I've lost track of them. The way we figure it, nothing you can say will make a bat better. Baseball will be here a long time, and sooner or later, players will be using our bats."

There is reason for Mr. Greer's unruffled assurance. Hanna is now on both sides of the red-hot American League pennant race—a letter from Cleveland arrived a fortnight ago at their converted railroad depot. "By way of introducing myself," it began, "I am Al Rosen, currently of the Cleveland Indians. . . ." Having noticed his Yankee rival Hank Bauer snapping grandly at the ball with a Hanna bat, fence-busting infielder Rosen (lastly in a horrible slump and dazedly searching for the race) ordered half a dozen.

"I marked a 'triple red-cube' on his order," says Mr. Greer. "Maybe ship them out Thursday. Friday's no good. You can't send Al Rosen bats on Friday the 13th. Saturday we're all out fishing, golf, or somewhere. So they might not get off until Monday."

Murat's dilemma

NOT CONTENT with owning a preserved-egg-and-dried-milk factory in Istanbul, a city where most of the citizens take their eggs direct from the shell and their milk direct from the bottle with no intervening hanky panky, Murat Galar, a Turk of 36 last week established a new kind of swimming record—achieved the doubtful distinction of swimming across the English Channel without officially leaving the French shore.

Murat waded into the water at Cape Gris Nez at 7:45 one morning, attired in the usual goggles and goggles, and accompanied by the usual fishing boat. When darkness fell, however, he was still chugging along far from shore. Tide and a thunderstorm pushed him off course. Finally, at 11:30 the next morning, after 18 hours and 50 minutes in the water, he staggered out of the Channel in rain and darkness to

the rocks of South Foreland, near St. Margaret's Bay, Kent. But not a soul was in sight. Nobody hove into sight, either, although the crew of the fishing boat engaged in frantic light flashing. In the end, to keep from freezing to death, Murat swam back to the vessel and was taken back to France.

The next day, backed by a French companion, one M. Lovergne, the crew of the boat and a young Sandhurst cadet who went along for the ride, Murat announced that he was the first Turk ever to swim the big ditch. The London Daily Mail agreed that he had crossed. Something called the International Long Distance Swimming Federation agreed that there was no reason to doubt his tale. Even the Channel Swimming Association, governing body of the sport in Britain, seemed unimpressed. But it insisted that a man who crosses the Channel without being observed by three neutral witnesses has never crossed at all.

SPECTACLE

WORLD'S WILDEST HORSE RACE

A team of white oxen haul the palio—racing's oldest prize—around the crowded public square of ancient Siena to prepare the way for a centuries-old contest

Louisville and Epsom have their Derbys, Goshen its Hambletonian, but no race fans, anywhere, have a contest so old or so rough as Siena's Palio, run every July and August—except in time of plague and siege—for close to 400 years. As shown on the following pages, the opening ceremonies are brilliant in pomp and pageantry. White oxen haul the treasured victory banner (palio) over the course—Siena's vast public square; and representatives of the ancient Italian city's 17 boroughs troop ceremoniously around, led by armored knights and brilliantly-dressed men-at-arms.

Games race time—and delirium takes over.

The horses have been selected more for durability than for bloodlines; the jockeys have been picked for strength. Participants of the rival boroughs (which bear such symbolic names as Gocce, Worm, Unicorn, Giraffe and Snail) may have tried to fix the result by doping horses and bribing jockeys. But knowledge of a fix only heightens the excitement.

Last week the horses went to the post again, just as their predecessors have done since the time of the Medici. Three times they circled the dirt-covered cobblestoned square (about five furlongs, all told). As always, iron-helmeted riders sought advantage by lashing one another with whips of tough beef sinew, the horses swerved and bumped and jockeys risked their lives on the rock-hard track.

The winner, Gaudenzi with Marino Lupi up, covered the course in one minute, 21 seconds to send his cheering sponsors from Giraffe borough trooping off with the treasured Palio. Gaudenzi's success was spectacular, for he had also won the July Palio for Worm borough.

His work completed, Jockey Lupi collected the traditional purse of the winning rider: 360 lire (about \$9).

Photographs by Jerry Collins





MADE PROCESSION of 200 re-enactments, flag-bearers and armored knights from the city's 17 boroughs drives broad public square and past of Siena's 68,000 inhabitants (above), then disperses before the city hall (left) to watch race.



RISKING LIVES over earth-covered cobblestone track, riders bring horses to dangerous turn on shell-shaped course. In no-holds-barred race, riders whip one another, sometimes leap from mounts to tackle opponents.



BLESSING CEREMONY for Raseña, an aging but sturdy mare, is performed in borough church before local noblewoman Marchesa Ginerva Chigi-Rondelli (center). It is considered a good omen if horse refuses self during ceremony, but also-ran Raseña failed.





FESTIVE BALLBOONS. Bells and toy guns, sold everywhere in Siena on Palio days, hang from rafters near city hall's Torre del Mangia, one of Italy's most famous and beautiful towers.



MEDIEVAL TWIRLERS. Skillful as any drum major, decorated manipulators banners outside Siena's smoking marble cathedral.



RIDERLESS HORSE pounds around dangerous turn after losing jockey. Unlike flat races, Palio horses can win if riderless, but this horse lost.



THE BIG GRAY'S LAST RACE

AT SARATOGA last week the Ontario Handicap rated as a small event. The track was sloppy and the purse was only \$3,276. But the Ontario Handicap will go down in racing's memory book, for it proved to be Native Dancer's last. Only two other horses could be found to run against

him, but he ran the kind of race that has been his trademark—letting the others set the pace, then charging down the stretch to win by nine lengths. A few days after this historic picture was taken, the Dancer turned up lame and Owner Alfred Vanderbilt retired him permanently.

NATIVE DANCER'S MARGIN

RACE	LENGTHS	RACE	LENGTHS	RACE	LENGTHS
Midwest	★★★★★	Gotham Stakes	★★★	Allowance	★★★
Troubadour Stakes	★★★★★	Wood Memorial	★★★★★	Metropolitan Handicap	○
	★★	Kentucky Derby	○	Queens Handicap	★★★★★
Flint Stakes	★★★	Withers Stakes	★★★★★		★★★
Saratoga Special	★★★★★	Franklin Stakes	○		
Grand Union Hotel Stakes	★★★★★	Belmont Stakes	○		
Hopalong Stakes	★★★	Dwyer Stakes	★★★		
Special Weights	○★★	Arlington Classic	★★★★★		
Palmby Stakes	○★★★		★★★★★		
East View Stakes	★★★	Travers Stakes	★★★★★		
			★★		
		American Derby	★★★★		

THE TOP FIVE

NAME	STARTS	WINS	TOTAL EARNINGS
COLTSON	45	32	\$1,000,760
CHERRY	108	30	\$38,485
ARMED	31	41	\$37,475
NATIVE DANCER	70	25	\$26,000
ARLINGTON	42	14	\$25,475



(SM)ALL-AMERICAN high-school stars from east (dark jerseys) and west fought to a 6-6 tie before almost 10,000 spectators in Memphis. Although Ken Loveless (73), Indianola, Miss., and worked up plenty of steam with a 16-yard run in the third quarter (above), it was not enough to give east a winning edge.



MIGHTY BATSMAN Frank Keller, San Antonio (Texas League) hit home, stepped to the plate a third time after chasing two home runs in a game against Houston. Keller connected sharply, but the bat flew apart. Although it broke his string of homers (Keller hit two the day before) his broken-bat hit went for a single.



ENGLISH CHANNEL season opened officially when Robert Payner, Gastonia, N.C., Brenda Fisher, England, Toddie Hink, Lebanon, and Antonio Abernada, Argentina, left Cape Gris

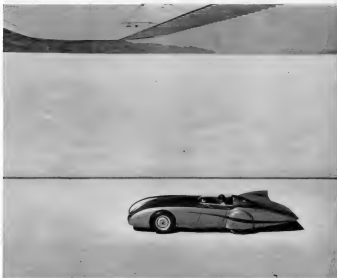


SHOOTOUT PITCHER Andy Ward, husky 16-year-old from Stamford, Conn., trounced Jackson, Tenn., 2-0 in Washington for Stamford's third Babe Ruth League title in three years.



New to compete against 10 other swimmers. First at Dover was Portugal's Baptista Pereira (13 hours, 20 minutes) who staggered ashore, said port he drank on route helped him to win.

JUBILANT PAKISTANIS leaped ecstatically after administering humiliating defeat to England during important cricket Test (championship) match in London. Pakistan's victory made Englishmen feel as miserable as would a Giant fan if his team went down against Pittsburgh.



RECORD-SETTING Austin-Healey "100," driven by its 36-year-old designer, Donald Healey, proved itself the fastest sports car in the world by ripping over a mile course on Utah's Bonneville salt flats at 142.62 mph. On the same day the English

designer set nine other U.S. and international speed records in the 2,000-pound superstreamlined car. Earlier in the week Healey was pictured from a low-flying airplane as he drove the car at better than 180 mph.



SCARED RABBIT, running like a terrified football player, were expertly downfield past startled Ulysses Curtis, Toronto back, during exhibition game between Toronto and the Winnipeg Blue Bombers at Winnipeg Stadium.



BIG-GAME FISHERMAN Colonel Andrew Jones obtained customary scales picture to stand like an African hunter with feet propped on back of 670-pound bluefin tuna. Although large, Jane's bluefin, hauled off Liverpool, Nova Scotia, is 395 lbs. short of record.



UNCOOPERATIVE STALLION Laird of Moray showed resistance in judging ring of Derby, England horse show by grabbing hand of 22-year-old owner Joseph Stanfield that led him. Nine-year-old Laird calmed down after breaking Stanfield's wrist.



TUG OF WAR pit two teams of the Detroit Police Dept. at the opposite ends of a rope at the University of Detroit Stadium to warm up for their part in the 26th annual Detroit vs. Toronto police track and field games. Average weight of the 17 participants

practicing above is 260 pounds, not counting Coach Norman McCurry (center), no lightweight himself. During the actual meet, a few days after this picture was taken, since to a tee (news) of the husky Detroiters leaved slightly to tug Toronto



HILL-CLIMBING Motorcyclist Carlton Krantz chugged grimly past the 335-foot mark on Mt. Garfield near Muskegon, Mich., while many of the 20,000 spectators on hand for the national championship waved their necks below. Krantz, of North

Tonawanda, N.Y., was one of 30 cyclists who made the haul up 350-foot Garfield. In the race against time and some near-vertical grades, Krantz placed 9th, covering the uphill course in 13.41 seconds at an average speed of 13 mph.



pulled off their feet in two tries. The first required 19 seconds, the second 21.1 seconds. It was the 54th time in 14 years that Detroit has won the annual tug of war. Some 14,000

spectators watched the event. In over-all track competition, Detroit fared as well, winning the meet handsly for the 28th time in as many years.



WASHTON REGATTA on Main River Frankfurt, Germany, attracted willing contestants, awailing rowers. Regatta was part of local festival.



IN FENWAY PARK, Boston Pitcher Nixon showed Red Sox spirit by sliding headfirst past Yankee Bill Skowron in attempt to stretch game-winning double to triple.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE

by ROBERT CREAMER

FENWAY PARK in Boston is an island of green grass almost entirely surrounded by Yankee-haters. The hatred is a splendid thing to behold, fine and rich and vigorous, nurtured by years of baseball warfare between Red Sox and Yankees in which the Red Sox almost always came out second best.

Last week, Boston anticipatory to the Yankees was, if anything, greater. The Red Sox, perennial contenders for the pennant, were going no place, and the Yankees had won 12 of the 17 games played between the two clubs. By the weekend, when the Yankees came into Boston for a three-game series—edgy and nervous from trying to follow the pace of the league-leading Cleveland Indians—the Red Sox were waiting.

It was a massacre. On Friday night Willard Nixon, a pitcher who has made beating the Yankees his life's work, stopped New York with four hits and won 4-3. What is more, Pitcher Nixon made two hits himself, the second a long eighth-inning double that drove in the winning run. (Trying to stretch his hit to a triple, Nixon showed that the Red Sox will stand on their heads to beat the Yankees—see etc.)

On Saturday, in one of the great games of the season, the Red Sox threw away a 3-1 lead—a traditional Red Sox gesture in games with the Yankees—then 1) picked up a run to tie it in the last of the ninth, 2) beat out two runs more to tie it again in the tenth and 3) came from one run behind to win 10-9 in the twelfth.

weakness of my hitters on fans!" In Baltimore, the Cleveland Indians, winning three straight from the awful Orioles, were calm, relaxed, genial.

"We ain't looking at the Yankee scoreboard," said Manager Al Lopez. "We're ahead. Let them worry."

Friday night as the Indians won 7-2, Lopez' confident words seemed more than just talk. As the Baltimore game ended, the scoreboard showed the Yankees leading the Red Sox 3-1. In the clubhouse after the game a reporter announced that the Red Sox had tied it up 3-3. The players, listening to the Bobo Olson fight, hardly seemed to care. By the time word came that the Yankees had lost 4-3, most of the players had gone to bed. They won Saturday night 4-1, and on Sunday they shot down what was left of the Orioles 12-1. The Yankees had lost again and Cleveland was 3½ games in front.

For the Yankees, the galling fact was that they were playing .693 ball—good enough to win in many a year. But the incredible Indians, winning 88 out of 122, were playing .721 ball. Cleveland players seemed pleased by the situation but not particularly surprised. They are essentially the same team that has lost to the Yankees three years running, but this year there is something new, a confidence that is almost matter-of-fact. It is something for Casey Stengel, who can read writing on the wall as well as the next man, to think about. The Yankees will be playing host to the marauding Indians in New York this week. Bloody from the massacre in Boston, the Yankees could only pray that it would not turn out to be Casey's Last Stand.

On the third day, Boston's Ted Williams took personal charge of the executions. He hit a home run, a double and a single, drove in four runs as the Sox won again, 5-2. Moreover, he made a racing backhand catch in the seventh inning that ended the Yankees' only real chance. The massacre was over. The Yankees were done. In Boston the smile replaced the frown.

The Yankees had been edgy and irritable in Boston. Manager Casey Stengel chased a motion picture cameraman from batting practice, shouting "I don't want anyone studying the



IN MEMORIAL STADIUM, usual, confident Cleveland Indians walked off the field like hangers after Pitcher Bob Lemon (third from right) beat Baltimore, 4-1.

... GIANT JUBILATION

UNTIL the middle of July it was a great year to be a Giant fan—what with Willie Mays, ninth-inning victories and a cheerful managerial genius named Leo Durocher. But then came the long dry spell, an unproductive Mays, four straight stunning losses to the Dodgers and a moody misanthrope, also named Durocher.

Last week, looking back over their shoulders, the Giants saw their lead down to only half a game. But surprisingly enough, they were still in first place. They stood erect, won four quick games from the Phils and Pirates and came into Sunday's doubleheader with the Pirates with a rested pitching staff and a glint in the eye.

After five innings, Leo Durocher's face showed the strain. Pirate Left-hander Paul LaPalme had the beginnings of a no-hitter; 16 Giants had gone down in dismal order. But in the sixth inning Leo's face began to clear. His hitters began to hit, and the woe-filled Pirate defense began to fray. The first game went to the Giants, 5-4. The second likewise, 5-3.

Meanwhile, at Ebbets Field, the Philadelphia Phils were meeting the Brooklyn Dodgers in another doubleheader. Sweeping their eyes from field to scoreboard, Giants and Giant fans at the Polo Grounds read exhilarating bulletins. The Phils were giving the



AT POLO GROUNDS, LEO DUROCHER EXULTED AS GIANTS' MALLY BEAT THE PIRATES

Brooklyn a slapping around. When the bulletin from Brooklyn ended, the Giants owed a debt they will never pay to Philly Outfielder Del Ennis, who beat the Dodgers in both games with three-run homers.

Said a jubilant Leo Durocher: "A long day but a worthwhile one."

Nobody was counting the Dodgers out who remembered 1951, when the Giants came from 13½ games behind to beat Brooklyn on the last day. But it was Aug. 111 of the annual pennant melodrama, the final curtain was in sight, and the plot—invariably impromptu—was getting pretty clear.

Schedule of games to be played by two top contenders from Thursday, Aug. 16, through end of the season

(C) Doubleheader (N) Night game (Cap) Home game (A) Away game

Date	INDIANS	YANKEES	GIANTS	DODGERS
Thurs Aug 16	At Wash N	DET	At CIN	
Fri	At Wash N	DET N	At Milw N	At St. L. N
Sat	At Wash	DET	At Milw	At St. L.
Sun	At Wash (2)	WASH	At St. L. (2)	At Milw (2)
Mon	At Wash		At St. L. N	At Milw N
Tues	At N.Y.	At INDIANS N	At St. L. N	At Milw
Wed Sept 1	At N.Y.	At INDIANS	At Cin N	At CIN
Thurs	At N.Y.	At INDIANS		At CIN
Fri	At Cin N	At Wash N	At DODGERS N	At N.Y. N
Sat	At Cin N	At Wash N	At DODGERS	At N.Y.
Sun	At Cin	At Wash	At DODGERS	At N.Y.
L Day	At Balt (2)	BOST (2)	At Phil (2)	PIT (2)
Tues			At Phil N	
Wed	PHIL N	At Balt N	CIN	ST. L. N
Thurs	PHIL	At Balt	CIN	ST. L.
Fri	At DET N	At Cin N	CIN N	BRaves N
Sat	At DET	At Cin	CIN N	BRaves
Sun	At DET (2)	At Cin (2)	ST. L.	CIN (2)
Mon			ST. L.	
Tues	WASH N	At Det	BRaves N	CIN N
Wed		At Det	BRaves N	CIN N
Thurs			BRaves	CIN N
Fri	At Det N	At Phil N	PHIL N	At Phil N
Sat	At Det	At Phil N	PHIL	At Phil
Sun	At Det	At Phil	PHIL	
Mon	WASH N	WASH N	At Brook N	At GIANTS N
Tues	WASH N	WASH	At Brook	At GIANTS
Wed	WASH	WASH	At Brook	At GIANTS
Thurs				
Fri	DET	PHIL	At Phil N	PIT
Sat	DET	PHIL N	At Phil N	PIT
Sun	DET	PHIL	At Phil	PIT

+ Dodgers game between two top contenders



AT EBBETS FIELD, Phil's Del Ennis looked after his bottom beat the Dodgers.

THE NATIONAL SINGLES

At Forest Hills, capital of the tennis world for a week, fans will get a chance to find out if the Aussies are as good as their billing

by JOHN R. TUNIS

FOREST HILLS, Long Island is a part of New York City, but it is also a town with an identity of its own. It has shaded streets and old houses, but it also has skyscraper apartments. It is a suburb of Manhattan Island within half an hour's subway ride of Wall Street, but from late August to Labor Day it is a great deal more than the sum of all these things. As its world-famous West Side Tennis Club is host to the U.S. national singles championships, it becomes the center of the tennis world, the scene of an event that is to tennis what the World Series is to baseball and what the Rose Bowl is to football.

At Forest Hills this month, as at a World Series city in October and at Pasadena on the first day of the New Year, there will be the excitement and holiday atmosphere of a great national sporting classic. By comparison with most other classics, the Forest Hills crowds will be small but the drama and the suspense will be there in equal or greater measure as the estimated field of 190 in the men's and women's divisions narrows down to the finalists.

FROM PARADES TO FORTUNES

When the finalists face each other on the beautiful, richly green grass courts, they will stand in the game's brightest spotlight. For tennis history has been written on the green courts of Forest Hills. On them Maurice McLaughlin defeated the Australian stars, Norman Brookes and Anthony Wilding, in a monumental upset back in 1914. These same courts were the stage for the greatest performers of world tennis: Tilden, Cochet, Lacoste, Borois, Crawford, Sedgman, Wills, Jacobs, Lenglen, Perry of England, von Cramm of Germany, and Jaroslaw Drobny, who won at Wimbledon last last month.

America's tennis capital has not always been Forest Hills; for years, it was the ultrafashionable resort, Newport, R.I. It was there that Richard

D. Sears of Boston won the first national singles championship in 1881 in a tournament that had almost nothing in common with an event at Forest Hills.

The Newport game was tennis on the lawn, a tame, almost unbearably polite sport played against a background of long white dresses and colored parasols. The players came mostly from Philadelphia, New York and Boston and the spectators, only half paying attention as they laughed and chattered among themselves, were strictly first family. And if the players were not, they went through the motions of behaving as guests—as indeed they were—and together, players and onlookers had a downright delightful and amusing time of it.

At Forest Hills, the paraisol section is gone and victory means more than a ripple of blue-blood applause. In the case of a young man who wins and goes on to turn professional, it may mean hard, cold cash—up to \$50,000 and more a year.

Young men of today can make this kind of money at tennis, because more people like to watch the modern red-blooded version than ever before, and approximately 5,000,000 of the fans also get out and play themselves.

Physically, the Forest Hills layout is a gentle triangle with the stadium at one end and the West Side clubhouse at the other. In between are the courts. Along the open end of the stadium stands a tent ("The Marquee") and under its striped canvas sit players, press, officials, honored guests and club members. It is the worst possible vantage point from which to watch the matches; the real tennis buff gets behind the courts in the stadium.

Outside the stadium, to the right, against the ivy-covered wall, is a huge scoreboard on which all matches are listed and results are posted. Before this board gather the friends and relatives of the players, celebrities of



MEN'S SINGLES CUP



STRIPED AWNING OF "THE MARQUEE"

tennis, former champions, professionals and officials wearing badges.

At the left, as you face the clubhouse, is the grandstand court. Every contender for the title is given an early round within the stadium to accustom him to the turf and the wind currents, which are tricky. After that, the contender may be scheduled on the grandstand court with accommodations for only a few hundred spectators in its single bleacher. During the early days of the tournament, when the outer courts are all occupied, people line up beside their boarding boxes. Here the



IS PROTECTION FOR CELEBRITIES, BUT ORDINARY TENNIS BUFFS WHO SIT IN THE STADIUM MAY GET BETTER VIEW OF THE ACTION

fans have their best chance to get a good close-up of the stars.

PROFITS AND PINKERTONS

The tennis buff is a very special breed among sports fans. At the Polo Grounds probably not one spectator in 10 has ever played competitive baseball as an adult. But at Forest Hills probably only one spectator in 10 has not played competitive tennis.

Big tournaments like this one do not run themselves. Months of work and preparation by half a dozen committees precede them. Umpires must be

assigned to each of the 250 to 300 matches, and the most important ones require a full set of lineamen, too. Then a match in the stadium calls for half a dozen ball boys, an umpire, a retired judge and 10 lineamen. Altogether there will be 300 officials serving without pay, taking time out from their jobs for the sheer joy of being part of the big tennis show.

Thanks to these unpaid workers, the tournament cannot lose money on the expected attendance of almost 70,000. Expenses are considerable, however; the bill for tennis balls alone comes to

\$1,500, and ticket takers and Pinkerton detectives have to be paid their usual fees. Even so, there will be a tidy sum left out of the \$104,000 gross. The West Side Club will get 50% of the first \$40,000 taken in after expenses, and 25% after that. This revenue pays for the upkeep of the grass courts, a most expensive business, and enables the club to keep dues down to \$100 a year so that the young and not-too-rich players can afford to join.

As for the players and their chances—that is Bill Taltbot's subject on the pages following.

AUSSIES



KEN ROSEWALL, 29 (5 ft. 7½ in., 148 lb.): Slender and dark, looks more like a ball boy than a top international. Has great "little" game, reminiscent of Frankie Parker's. Backhand magnificent, as is footwork and control. His forehand is more than adequate, but he lacks the big service and the volley. Could improve with a more striking offense. Very dangerous when "hot." Beat Tony Trabert at Wimbledon, then lost to Jacques Duchay in upset final.



REN HARTWIG, 24 (5 ft. 9½ in., 148 lb.): Stocky, strong, better at doubles than singles, but at times a brilliant match player despite lack of any major singles title. His shot repertoire shows no real weakness, and he moves well. It is difficult to fault this powerful stroker except for his one major deficiency: he never manages to play the important "big" match at the right time. Nonetheless, a possible long shot bet at Forest Hills.



LEW Hoad, 29 (5 ft. 11 in., 170 lb.): The Aussie's best Davis Cup man; has Kramer's "big" game. Service and booming volleys are first class, forehand stronger than backhand, net game good, at times brilliant. Court generally is improving, competitive spirit excellent. Lacking in experience, he is considered by some better than Kramer at 29, but inconsistent concentration has led to defeats by too many second-stringers.



ROY EMERSON, 17 (5 ft. 1½ in., 158 lb.): Most highly regarded new white kid on Aussie squad, reminds experts of Hoad two years ago. On his first trip to the U.S., he shows great tennis sense and rarely makes a wrong play. Possesses fine shots. Another year under tutelage of Coach Hopman should tell if he'll be great or not. Most notable victory was over Hoad in recent tournament at Newport. Anxious to learn, he can be dangerous.

HOW AWESOME ARE THE AUSTRALIANS?

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

This week, when the balls start bouncing off the rackets at Forest Hills, six members of the Australian Davis Cup squad will be entered in what is still the No. 1 tennis tournament in the world: the U.S. National singles.

The Australian contingent, if not quite as strong as it was in Frank Sedgman's heyday, is powerful enough—so much so, in fact, that quite a few tennis experts are conceding our title to the visitors and predicting that the Americans have finally come to the end of a glorious period of Forest Hills domination. Logically, the same skeptics also predict that Australia (which produced in Sedgman the only Down Under star in history to capture our crown) will leave this day on rule our courts as well as those on which the Davis Cup Challenge Round is played. I disagree.

Much has been said of Harry Hopman's well-coached crew of white kids. Much was said of them last year, too, but more of last year's six visiting Australians reached the finale of our Nationals. Instead, we saw a "red-hot" Tony Trabert, just a few months out of the Navy, sweep to the title in 18 straight sets, including an unmerciful whipping of Ken Rosewall in the semifinals. He then called on the same relentless power game to trounce Vic Seixas in the finals.

Trabert, if he does the job as I think he will, should win the title again. The play of such Australians as Rosewall and Lew Hoad here this summer follows a pattern almost identical with that which preceded their inglorious exit from our Nationals a year ago. Could it be an omen that for two consecutive summers Hopman's boys have cleaned up at Orange, N.J., and then

DECADE OF CHAMPIONS

1953	Tony Trabert, U.S., over Vic Seixas, U.S., in three sets.
1952	Frank Sedgman, Aus. over Gardner Mulloy, U.S., in three sets.
1951	Frank Sedgman, Aus. over Vic Seixas, U.S., in three sets.
1950	Art Larsen, U.S. over Herb Flam, U.S., in five sets.
1949	Pancho Gonzales, U.S. over Ted Schroeder, U.S., in five sets.

They are back again in search of the one trophy that has eluded them most. The experts concede them an excellent chance, but the top U.S. players have a habit of rising to the occasion at Forest Hills.

performed miserably a week later at Newport?

I'm not saying Vic or Tony will have an easy time repeating, but, who knows notwithstanding, I think we have nothing to fear if we keep two factors in mind: 1) the Australians are not invincible, and 2) some of the greatest tennis by Americans has traditionally been played when the stakes are highest. For us those stakes are on the table now. Therefore I firmly believe our own tennis staples will be in for a surprise—both in the days immediately ahead, and this coming winter when renewed U.S. tennis interest from the youngest teenagers to the veteran coaches will stimulate our Davis Cup team to a competitive boiling point.

If Trabert comes to Forest Hills in the proper frame of mind, nobody should beat him. Hoad, who edged him in a dramatic five-setter in the decisive Australian J&S Challenge Round triumph last December, will be Tony's biggest competitor. Slightly behind both boys I rate Rosewall and Seixas. For those interested in stroke performance, I suggest observation of Hoad's great service and forehand, Trabert's net game and overhead. The backhand belongs to Rosewall; it is one of the most beautiful I've ever seen.

I'm sorry neither Budge Patty nor Dick Savitt has entered this tournament, for both are capable of making the Cup squad this fall. A "hot" Patty can trim anybody. I wish Savitt would attempt a comeback, because all he needs is plenty of practice and some strengthening of confidence in his own natural ability.

Spectators at Forest Hills will have no need to be ashamed of what they may see. I think I know what I'll see: the top American players will rise to the occasion.

AMERICANS



TONY TRABERT, 24 (6 ft. 1 in., 180 lbs.): Defending U.S. titleholder; he has everything a tennis champion needs, every stroke in the book and tremendous power. Blanketed Christmas night, except this time last year without losing a set. Sports 1954 record can be blamed only partly on blistered hands, mostly on inability to get into right frame of mind to accomplish the business at hand. Potentially he's best U.S. player since Kramer—and best in the world, too.



SAM RICHARDSON, 21 (6 ft., 165 lbs.): U.S. collegiate champion from Tulane; progressing at last, but still hasn't lived up to full greatness predicted for him at 18. Service is excellent, game generally sound but hampered by slow reactions at net. A diabetic who must take insulin, he still lacks pace control during long matches. Campaigned in Australia in 1953; for experience, would be just the man for a Cup singles berth.



VIC SEIXAS, 31 (next week) (6 ft., 160 lbs.): This real veteran can still play brilliantly but seldom has done winning at Wimbledon in 1953. Unorthodox shots are either way off or very much on, his game usually very good or very bad. Serves well at times, generally only adequately. Over-tenured for two years, the Philadelphia ace is now rested and very keen to head his berth on next Cup squad. This may be his last chance.



BOB PERRY, 22 (6 ft., 160 lbs.): Like Richardson, he has had great opportunity to develop—but hasn't. Now must prove himself or be left out of U.S. future picture for good. UCLA star, with advantage of California tennis support, his strokes are sound off the ground, service can be very good. Volleying needs improvement. Showed promising potential as national boys' champion in 1947, but seems to have missed the boat since then.

8 U.S. WINNERS TO 2

1935	Frank Goodson, U.S. over Eric Stargatz, S. Afr., in three sets.
1937	Jack Kramer, U.S. over Frank Parker, U.S., in two sets.
1940	Jack Kramer, U.S. over Tom Brown, U.S., in three sets.
1942	Frank Parker, U.S. over Bill Talbot, U.S., in three sets.
1944	Frank Parker, U.S. over Bill Talbot, U.S., in four sets.

MAN TO WATCH IS HARRY HOPMAN

by GERALD HOLLAND

SITTING in the stands at Forest Hills next week will be a grumpy, sandy-haired man who will draw far less attention from his fellow spectators than he deserves. Only a few old-timers are likely to recognize him as Harry Hopman, 47, nonplaying captain and full-time mastermind of the invading Australians.

A LAD SHOULDN'T GRUMBLE

Hopman prefers to sit in the stands because "I can see things the kids miss in the heat of the match, the little things they are doing wrong or perhaps some weaknesses in their opponents. You might say I am acting somewhat like a fight manager at ringside."

But unlike fight managers, Hopman will also be alert for the slightest evidence of "bad manners," which he deprecates not only as a breach of the proprieties but because "loafing and grumbling are a damnable waste of effort. The lad should be thinking of winning the next point instead of grumbling over one that is lost."

At the Newport tournament two

weeks ago, Hopman twice impressed this general point on his 13-year-old white kid, Lew Hoad. When Hoad showed up for his opening match with bristles on his chin, Hopman flagged him down. "The fine for not shaving is five shillings," said Harry. Later, Hoad missed a shot and buried his racket to the ground in disgust. "That's another five shillings," said Harry.

The Hopman insistence on perfection has given rise to the charge that he runs a "chain gang." Hopman himself deprecates such stories as grossly untrue. The opinion of his players on this point is not likely to become available, for before leaving Australia they all signed an agreement which, in effect, acknowledged the Hopman word to be law. And it is Hopman law that none of his players can be interviewed unless Hopman is present.

Hopman freely admits to being a strict disciplinarian.

"Have to be," he says. "After all they're just youngsters, some of them away from home for the first time. Take your eye off them for a moment,

and they're likely to do something terribly foolish—like going to a movie at 7 o'clock and eating dinner at 10. Can't have that sort of thing, y'know."

The question that separates U.S. tennis circles—faced with the skill of teen-agers like Lew Hoad and his companion white kid, Ken Rosewall—has "How do they get good so young?" Also, how can a sparsely settled continent like Australia consistently come up with youngsters who outclass our own topflight players year after year?

Harry Hopman is willing to suggest answers to these questions up to the point where he considers them to involve personalities on the U.S. tennis scene, whereupon he closes the discussion by smiling apologetically and switching off his hearing aid.

"We're awfully keen on the game," says Hopman. "We have 750,000 players—that's almost 10% of the population. If the same proportion played tennis over here, you'd have no problem of congested highways on the weekends. Sixteen million players would be on the courts and very likely the rest of the population would be on the side lines watching the matches."

But Australians do more than play the game. Each of the six states has its own association, its own championships, and every member is a self-appointed talent scout eager to tip off the national governing body to promising youngsters.

FACTS OF TENNIS LIFE

There is no nonsense, as in the U.S., about higher education. College is almost automatically ruled out as detrimental to the best interests of tennis. The genuinely talented boy is advised to quit school at 14 or 15 and take "employment" from a sporting goods firm. Thus relieved of pressing financial worries, young men like Rosewall and Hoad are able to give their undivided attention to Harry Hopman.

Hopman frankly admits that his players are not strict-pure amateurs by American definition. "But," he adds, "I don't think there is one player in the world's first 10 who abides by the rules of the International Lawn Tennis Federation. International tennis today is in the semiprofessional class and should remain there. As I see it, a new definition of 'amateur' in tennis is a world-wide necessity."

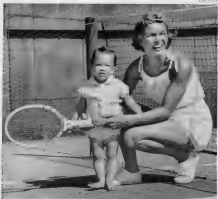
For U.S. tennis Hopman has some short, specific advice: "Get someone like me to take charge."

HOPMAN takes his eye off his brilliant 13-year-old white kid, Lew Hoad (left) and Ken Rosewall, just long enough to smile confidently on eve of tournament.



WOMAN TO WATCH IS BEV FLEITZ

By SARAH PALFREY



BEVERLY FLEITZ quit tennis two years ago to have a baby. Now that the baby, Kimberlin, is able to watch her play, Bev is back in competition, at the top of her game.

WITH "Little Mo" Connolly on crutches and unable to defend her title at Forest Hills, the women's division will be wide open—if only for a year. The winner will unquestionably be an American.

Three of the women with the best chance are internationally known: Margaret Osborne DuPont of Wilmington, Del.; Louise Brough of Beverly Hills, Calif. and Doris Hart of Coral Gables, Fla.

But I believe that the girl most likely to stir up Stadium applause next week is a snub-nosed, freckle-faced blonde who has never been seriously considered for the national title until

this season, Beverly Baker Fleitz of Santa Monica, Calif. is an newcomer to Forest Hills. Two years ago she was ranked sixth in the U.S. Then she quit tennis to have a baby, a blonde little daughter named Kimberlin. This year, with new confidence and determination, the slight, 5-foot 4-inch, 115-pound Beverly has won every tournament she has entered, including among her victories a triumph over Little Mo, 6-0, 6-4 in the La Jolla (Calif.) tournament, no mean feat.

Since Beverly is ambidextrous, she can shift her racket from one hand to the other to hit forehands on either side. And what power she gets from

these forehands! Though her service and volleying are not up to her ground strokes, her ability to belt the ball hard and accurately makes her a strong opponent for anybody. To quote Louise Brough, whom Beverly beat twice this year: "She never let up and hit even harder when the going was tough."

Bev will have plenty of competition at Forest Hills. Margaret DuPont has one of the best serves in women's tennis, and she is also one of the finest volleyers. The 38-year-old former champion is resorting more and more to a chop on her forehead as her footwork is slowing down. But what Margaret has lost in speed she is often capable of making up in experience and knowledge of court tactics.

SOFT SHOES AND STEEL BLOW

Louise Brough is unharmed this year by a tennis elbow that has bothered her in the past. She is slimmer, keener, and quicker on her feet. I watched her warm up before the finals of the Eastern championships at South Orange, N.J., and her smooth, hard stroking was a joy to watch. But the minute her match against Margaret DuPont got under way, she began to hold back, resorting to slices and soft shots. This tendency may be her biggest handicap at Forest Hills.

Doris Hart has all the strokes, plus an extraordinary ability to anticipate a shot. Her trouble is what Doris herself calls her "wood elbow," a tightening up that results from sheer nerves in competition. But she has shown an ability to defeat Beverly Fleitz whenever they've met so far.

There are other good players who could bother the favorites: players like Shirley Fry, Betty Rosenqvist Pratt, Helen Florschütz (Britain's leading entrant), Helen Nastali Perez and Althea Gibson, but chances are they won't.

All things considered, I believe that if the pressure of the Nationals isn't too great for her and she doesn't get "center-nervitis," Bev Fleitz will be the next women's champion.



MARGARET DUPONT



LOUISE BROUGH



DORIS HART



ALTHEA GIBSON



SHIRLEY FRY

FOOTBALL FROM THE NORTH

For the first time U.S. television viewers will see the Canadian game. It has fast action, one curious play and some familiar faces

by KEITH MUNRO



U.S. LINEMAN OF THE YEAR ARNIE WEINSTEINER IS PRIZE RECRUIT OF VANCOUVER LIONS

FOR the better part of half a century, opening day for the Canadian independent football season was so quiet that the feeble shouts of the game's few followers were nearly drowned out by the rustle of falling leaves. But in the years since World War II Canadians have rediscovered the game they had learned in somewhat different dress to the United States in 1874. Professional teams have built up large bands of fanatically loyal rooters who think nothing of traveling 2,000 miles to see them play. Stadiums that only recently were more than adequate cannot be enlarged fast enough to keep up with the demand for tickets. And in the Grey Cup finale for the Dominion championship each November, pro football has provided Canada with one of her most colorful spectacles of the year.

This week approximately 40,000-50,000 Americans got their first look at Canadian football via the National Broadcasting Company's televised coverage of the game between the Ottawa Rough Riders and the Toronto Argonauts. What they will see on their screens will appear at first glance to be no different than what they have known before. Even the faces will be familiar, for in their new enthusiasm the Canadians have breached the border and carried off some of the U.S.'s brightest professional and collegiate stars. The Ottawa team may field as many as 16 Americans, among them Kays Vaughan, Tulsa University; Dale Samuels, Purdue; John Gramling, South Carolina; Tom McHugh, Notre Dame; Art Newark, Notre Dame. Toronto can oppose this redboubtable line-up with 20 Americans of their own—Tom Adkins, University of Kentucky; Ed Bradley, Wake Forest; Norb Hasker, Los Angeles Rams; Bill Barbish, University of Tennessee; Dick Shatto, University of Kentucky. And these are only a few of the U.S. stars who have discovered the high value of the Canadian dollar.

The greatest recent catch is Arnie Weinster (26), formerly with the New York Giants, who is being paid \$25,000 to play for Vancouver's British Columbia Lions. Last season Weinster was voted the outstanding de-

defensive tackle in American professional football, and for the past several seasons he has gone unchallenged as the best tackle in operation.

The loss of Weinmeister was a bitter blow to officials of the National Football League, who since 1947 have seen many of their best players lured away by promises of more money and good jobs. Last year 94 Americans were employed on the eight major Canadian teams, and this season—with one more team in the field—about 120 are expected to see action.

The game they play and the one TV audiences will watch will vary from the American version only slightly. Although the scores probably will be closer than in most U.S. pro games, the accent will be on offensive football with the action fast and open. The teams will kick and pass often and block less. The one major difference likely to upset U.S. viewers is a maneuver called "rouge," pronounced like the cosmetic, a carry-over from the days when Canadian football was closer to rugby (see chart, right).

Although NBC will televise only these games played in the Eastern league (Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and Hamilton), the upsurge in Canadian football actually comes from the west. From 1898 until shortly after World War II the champion of the Western league (Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary and Edmonton) traveled to Toronto each November and usually took a lacing in the Grey Cup. This predictable state of affairs came to an end shortly after World War II when prospectors found the province of Alberta was floating on an ocean of oil.

The ensuing boom brought in hundreds of men from Texas, Oklahoma and other western U.S. states. Besides oil they found football clubs in Edmonton and Calgary. Many of these newcomers had been trained at Texas Christian and at Southern Methodist. Some had even played for Oklahoma's Bud Wilkinson. They listened with sympathy to stories of the way the eastern cities conquered when it came to football.

Then they sent for their friends. Players like Johnny Bright of Dallas, leading U.S. ground-gainer in 1960, and Billy Vessels, an All-American from Oklahoma, and Glenn Dobbs of the University of Tulsa and "Indian Jack" Jacobs of the Green Bay Packers turned up. Vessels even took a job in the oil fields.

Eastern Canada has never recovered from the shock it got when a rejuvenated Regina team went east in 1961.

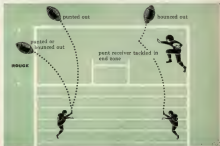
continued on page 38

THE FIRST TELEVISED GAME AND HOW TO WATCH IT

TIME: AUG. 19, 10:05 P.M. (EST)
TEAMS: OTTAWA & TORONTO
NETWORK: NBC, COAST TO COAST

RULES EXPLAINED BELOW
FREQUENCY: EVERY SATURDAY
SCHEDULE: GAME OF THE WEEK

HIGHEST DEVIATION from U.S. rule in Canadian football is a carry-over from rugby called "rouge." A rouge can come only as the direct result of a punt and is worth one point. It is made in one of three ways: by punting the ball over either the back or side line of the end zone; by punting the ball on the between zone either line; or, if the defending team catches the ball in the end zone, by tackling the runner before he can get back to the goal line. With 35-yard-deep end zones, scoring a rouge is not easy. Canadians favor rouge because it helps prevent ties, which rarely occur in league games.



10 DIFFERENCES BETWEEN CANADIAN AND U.S. FOOTBALL

U.S.		CANADA
11 players	TEAM SIZE	12 players
100 X 53 1/2 yards	FIELD	110 X 55 yards
10 yards deep	END ZONE	25 yards deep
few	DOWNS	three
touchdowns—6 points	SCORING	touchdowns—6 points rouge—1 point
allowed	TOUCHBACK	not allowed
3 team time-outs each half plus injury	TIME-OUT	only for injury
backfield may not move forward until ball is centered	RUNNING PLAYS	backfield is permitted to move any direction behind line of scrimmage before ball is centered
any player any place on field	BLOCKING	backs—generally not allowed to block more than 1 yard beyond line of scrimmage linemen—not allowed to block more than 10 yards beyond line of scrimmage
no catch allowed. Opponent must tackle receiver as soon as he catches ball	RECEIVING PUNTS AND KICKOFFS	no fair catch; opponents must allow receiver 5-yard protection



BASEBALL

UNDER THE LIGHTS

The night game provides on-the-spot customers with a colorful spectacle but our Mr. Smith still suffers from nostalgia for the lazy old sunshine

By RED SMITH

TO THE FAN sitting at home before his television set, night baseball looks very little different from the day game. Not so for the fan in the stands. Night baseball is an exciting spectacle, as the pictures opposite and those on the following pages show. The floodlights brighten the green turf, emphasize color contrasts. "The game is speeded up," said William Harridge, president of the American League and a reluctant convert to the night game. "The flight of the ball is faster. The movement of the fielders seems accelerated. It's terrific."

Terrific or not, one thing is sure: there is nothing new under the moon, least of all outdoor games. When Connie Mack was a professional football player—this is a skeleton from the closet of his dark past, circa 1906—his Philadelphia Athletics played a night game in Pottsville, Pa. The only illumination was a spotlight trained, theoretically, on the football. This probably was one reason why the key promoter and his partner, John Shibe, went broke and had to get John's father, Ben, to bail them out.

JIM AND HIS SHADOW

As a jockey in the '90s, Sunny Jim Flinnmore, the celebrated horse trainer, rode night races on Long Island tracks. He drove his mount rubber-legged one night trying to beat back a challenge in the stretch, then discovered he'd been racing his shadow.

Leland Stanford MacPhail, the corruptive genius of sports promotion, is considered the father of night baseball because he introduced it to the major leagues 19 years ago. There are, however, records of ball games played at night as early as 1893.

In that summer two amateur teams played in a tie under new-fangled electric lights in Nantasket Beach, Mass. On the night of June 2, 1893, the Quineys of Illinois whipped a picked team representing Fort Wayne, Ind.,

19 to 11 in seven innings in Fort Wayne. The Jenry Electric Company put up 17 lamps, three on the grandstand and 14 on masts. They went out twice.

The Baltimore team of 1894, not necessarily better than the one of today, needed only four innings to lose a night game in Hartford, Conn., 35 to 19. There were added attractions: carnal solos, foot races in which Ray and Henry of Baltimore beat O'Connell and Stair of Hartford. The lights were inadequate and so were the police, who couldn't keep the 3,000 customers off the field.

The powers of darkness—or, if you prefer, the princes of light—took over on May 24, 1935, when the Reds beat the Phillies in Cincinnati, 2 to 1, before 20,422 witnesses to the first night game in the majors. President Franklin D. Roosevelt touched a gold key in the White House and turned on 616 lamps of 1,600 watts each over Crosley Field.

In the depression years before that, night baseball had spread through the minors. In the smaller cities where relatively few people have the leisure to attend afternoon games, it was financial salvation. It had been taken up by such barnstorming teams as the haunted House of David troupe, who hauled lighting equipment with them instead of racers.

Thus when Larry MacPhail brought night ball to the majors it was considered strictly cash. Scarcely anyone believed this circus dodge would last.

TEN AND OUT

Joe Engel, manager of the Chattanooga baseball club, got this wire from a noble he was debriefing for: "Double the salary offered or count me out." The next day the noble received the following wire from Engel: "1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10."

From Fred Russell, Nashville Banner

The quality of play would have to be inferior. Pitchers working in the chill of evening would ruin their arms. Late hours would close the parks to children, the cash customers of tomorrow.

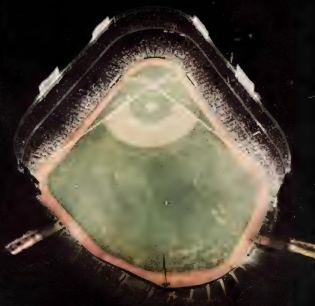
MacPhail moved from Cincinnati to Brooklyn and turned on lights in Ebbets Field, the second big league park to be so equipped. When he crossed the river to Yankee Stadium, he brought night ball to that cathedral of the game. He always warned against overdoing it, arguing that night ball would lose its attraction as a novelty if a club played more than seven games after dark, or at most 14, in a season.

IN SHORT SUNSHINE

Baseball has followed his lead and ignored his advice. Fifteen of the 16 major league clubs—the Chicago Cubs are the big exception—have lighting plants. Of 1,232 games in the American and National Leagues this year, 494 were scheduled for night. In the American League last season, attendance averaged 9,856 by day (including the big Sundays, holidays and double-headers) and 14,228 at night. In the National League, the figures were comparable, 9,344 against 14,333.

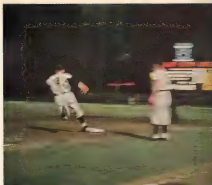
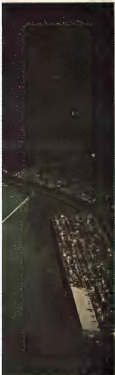
There still are some holdouts. Babe Ruth knocked the night game early. Joe DiMaggio, retiring, said it took five years off his career. Aging sentimentalists, including this one, whose affection for baseball was nurtured on lazy summer afternoons in sunny cowpastures, take a dim view of the bright-out lights.

But the financial figures have the last word, of course, because baseball is a business. There are many times more people free to buy entertainment at night than in the afternoon. "The game was meant to be played in God's sunshine," Washington's Clark Griffith used to say. Then he saw the financial figures, and henceforth left the sunshine to God.

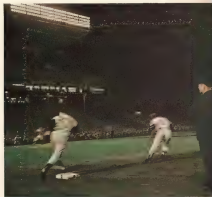


In Milwaukee, night baseball has overtones of fiesta. Big, noisy crowds and slam-bang games are the rule. Here, ignoring bad weather, 10,016 fans turn out for a Braves-Giants game and hoot and whoop as Giant infield shifts radically to the right for powerful pull hitter Ed Mathews (*below*).





Hustling Giant Westrum rounds first base after a cleat to the outfield



The "Bones" Aaron gets set to run as the Giant infield senses a bunt



Alone in a sea of bright green grass, Milwaukee right fielder Andy Pafko runs in to bat. Losers this time, the Braves take on the Giants in another night game, same scene, this week

19th HOLE

SOME NEW READERS COMMENT ON VOL. 1, NO. 1

SIR:

YOU'VE BOILED TOWN, DOWN, HOME RUN, GOAL, STRIKE, KICK, ACE, HINDER, CHECKED PLAY, SPOCKOUT, FALL, BANG, BAY TRUCK, CHECKMATE WITH YOUR FIRST BASE.

ST. LOUIS

ELMER DELACO

SIR:

A GREAT JOB AND A SURE WINNER.

NEW YORK

DAVE MAYER

SIR:

I LIKED AND ENJOYED YOUR FIRST ISSUE OF SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. HEARTILY DO I ENDORSE YOUR ESCAPE FROM THE QUOTE AND TWO UNQUOTE ATTITUDE OF PUBLICATIONS. BELIEVE WAS MY OWN FAULT FOR HAVING BECOME USED TO SPORT PRESENTATION BY OTHER MAGAZINES. LATER, I CONCLUDED THAT I LIKED THE MAGAZINE MORE THAN I BELIEVED IF AND THAT THE SPORTS WORLD WOULD SHOULD CONGRATULATE YOUR INC. FOR ITS STEP TAKEN IN BEHALF OF ALL SPORTS. YOU CERTAINLY SET AN EXCITING PACE. ENJOY IT! I AWAIT YOUR SECOND AND SUBSEQUENT ISSUES.

NICK KERNAWY
GENERAL MANAGER
DETROIT LIONS FOOTBALL CLUB

DETROIT

SIR:

JUST FINISHED READING YOUR FIRST ISSUE FROM COVER TO COVER. CONGRATULATIONS ON A SUPER JOB.

BAYBROOK, CONN.

ALAN S. WILE

SIR:

THIS IS A FINE BOOK — THE BEST I HAVE SEEN.

BO, ORANGE, N.J.

E. F. BRAUTER

SIR:

JUST READ YOUR FIRST ISSUE — THINK IT'S REAL GOOD.

PALM SPRING, CALIF.

JAMES MORTON

SIR:

YOUR FIRST ISSUE OF SPORTS RECEIVED WITH MIXED REACTIONS. RARELY IF EVER HAS A TRADE EVENT BEEN SO MAGNIFICENTLY REPORTED AS IN ONE OF THE FOUR-WHITE MEN. THE ACTION PROVIDED AS NO OTHER SPORTS REPORTER EVER DID THE MOST HEARTY AND GOAL OF THE DISTANCE COVERED. NOW IN THE SAME ISSUE A SPORTING EVENT COMMANDING AS WIDE-SPREAD INTEREST AS THE GOLD CUP RACE (30,000 SPECTATORS) COULD BE PROVIDED BY ONLY NINE AND ONE HALF LINES IN FIVE POINT ON PAGE 111 WHILE AN ARTICLE ON BASEBALL AND HOCKEY WAS FEATURED IN REGARD MY COMPREHENSION. I WAS MAD ENOUGH TO CANCEL MY SUBSCRIPTION WITH THIS ONE. YOU WILL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT.

GORDON E. JONES JR

CLAMPA, WASH.

■ For Stan Sayen and his Gold Cup see Aug. 23 issue. — Ed.

SIR:

FROM ONE WHO PLANNED A SIMILAR PROJECT IN '48 YOU MAY BE INTERESTED TO KNOW YOU HAVE GONE WAY BEYOND THE BEST-SPORTSMANSHIP. CONGRATULATIONS.

BILL WINSTON
BIRMINGHAM-HAMMAMIN ASSOCIATED

NEW YORK

SIR:

THROUGH THE (MILWAUKEE) JOURNAL CITY ROOM AND SPORTS DEPARTMENT I HAVE HEARD MANY UNBROUGHT COMPLIMENTARY CONGRATULATIONS.

BOO VAN DYKE

MILWAUKEE

SIR:

MY COMMENT BRIEFLY. THIS MAG IS A 'FAN MAGAZINE' FAULINE CROSBOW

EVANSTON, ILL.

SIR:

CONGRATULATIONS YOUR FIRST ISSUE BEST SPORTS MAGAZINE EVER SEEN. KEEP IT UP.

PERE FOREMARE
CLINTON BASEBALL CLUB

CLINTON, IOWA

SIR:

YOU HAVE HIT THE BULLS EYE. SAT SET.

PAUL R. BELAND
CHAIRMAN BELAND ATHLETIC FOUNDATION

LOS ANGELES

SIR:

DELIGHTED WITH YOUR BABY.

A. H. DUFFLER

PHILADELPHIA

SIR:

HERE IS ANOTHER SHOW PLACE FOR THE SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE NO DOUBT DROPPING IN ON YOU LIKE SNOWFLAKES. THE FIRST ISSUE IS GREAT.

REY D. THOMAS

WEST LOS ANGELES

SIR:

CONGRATULATIONS ON SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. BEYOND ALL EXPECTATIONS, IT FILLS A DEFINITE NEED FOR THE GREATEST SPORTS ERA IN HISTORY. YOU HAVE A WINNER.

GORDON LEVY

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

SIR:

YOUR FIRST ISSUE IS WONDERFUL. IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT YOU WILL HAVE SPORTS FANS OUT OF PEOPLE WHO SIMPLY LIKE TO READ.

DAVE HULBURD

SAN FRANCISCO

SIR:

THE NEW MAGAZINE IS THE FIRST TO COVER EDUCATION AND INFORMATION IN THE IMPORTANT realm of SPORTS. WITH A FACTUAL EMPHASIS WHICH IS THOROUGHLY APPRECIATED.

WISCONSIN RAPIDS, WIS.

GEORGE W. BEAD

SIR:

CONGRATULATIONS ON SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. EXCELLENT RECEPTION HERE.

GEORGE ALLEN
FOOTBALL COACH
WHITTIER COLLEGE

WHITTIER, CALIF.

SIR:

IT'S A WONDERFUL ISSUE AND MAKES THE BOOK SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO. CONGRATULATIONS.

NICHOLAS JOHNSON

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.



LEAD MOLE continued

WHAT, NO ARCHERY?

Sirs:

I'd like to call to your attention the fact that archery is one of the fastest growing sports in the country at the present time.

HOWARD L. CHASE
Salisbury Broadcasting Corp.
Worcester

● Archery, yes. See next week.—ED.

Sirs:

There are two sports which I hope you are planning articles on for future horse-ramping and uplanding.

A. C. MULLER JR.
Scratch Plains, N.J.

● Coming up.—ED.

Sirs:

I was extremely pleased but there was one rather serious omission. Rodeo is a major sport.

(Rev.) JOHN W. MERRIN, C.S.B.
University of St. Thomas
Houston

● Watch for Hy Peskin's great rodeo coverage.—ED.

Sirs:

The debut of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* interests me for more than one reason. There's always a chance that some brave soul may take the right stand on what is now called wrestling.

If that enterprise has any claim to respectability it should be covered by a publication devoted exclusively to sports, but if it is a billion dollar racket, as claimed in many quarters, the new magazine should fight it.

Many regular wire guys take the very unethical position that as the fans are not compelled to support the hippodromes there is no harm in the promotion of the fraudulent thing by various states and cities—for a share of the take.

E. W. SPRINGER

R.F.D. 1
Toscor, Wisconsin

● SI will be brave.—ED.

Sirs:

One thing I noticed is that under the heading "Sportsboard," polo has been omitted. I was wondering if you think that this should be included. We would like to have it included.

T. A. MONTGOMERY
Oak Brook Polo Club
Illinois, Illinois

● Okay, polo will be listed.—ED.

Sirs:

SOCCER! No American magazine has paid sufficient attention to it! Please, what do you say?

ALBERT W. FURBER AND PATRICK
Berkeley, Calif.

Sirs:

I understand it is the intention to include all sports and therefore suggest that you include "CURLING," the greatest social game of all time.

H. E. WEYMAN

Quebec, Canada

Sirs:

I did not see a single bowling story. Most LARRY Publisher
The National Bowlers Journal
and Billard Review
Chicago

● See p. 77.—ED.

Sirs:

Please see that the sport of track comes in for its share of write ups.

WILLIAM JENNISON
President
Hullmans Olympic Club
Baltimore

● See p. 4.—ED.

Sirs:

I am naturally more interested in skiing than any other sport.

ROBERT LACROIX
Executive Secretary
National Ski Association of America

Sirs:

We have only one criticism. We think your magazine lacks coverage for lesser sports such as basketball, archery, badminton, fishing.

JOHN STANBURY
Says' Club of Knoxville Inc.
Knoxville

Sirs:

I am hopeful that sometime in the future you might see fit to cover, in some way, the story of the amazing growth of employee recreation.

A. H. SPRINGER
Supervisor of Employee Activities
Armstrong Cork Company
Lancaster, Pa.

FOR DEAR OLD BUTGERS

Sirs:

Congratulations on your new magazine, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*—enjoyed every page!

Feeling sure that you would like to give credit where due, I would like to correct Mr. Holland's statement in his article, "The Golden Age is Now." The boys started "dying for dear old Rutgers" and playing the first intercollegiate football game—Rutgers vs. Princeton—in 1869.

BARBARA SMITH
Secretary, Football Office
Rutgers University
New Brunswick, N.J.



BUTGERS-PRINCETON GAME PICTURED IN 1869

● They may have been dying for dear old Rutgers in that game with Princeton at New Brunswick, N.J., but they were playing soccer.—ED.

HUMPHRIES FLOODING BACK

Sirs:

Your first issue fairly took my breath away! It gave me only one regret. My father, W. J. Grube, never got to see it.

He would have loved your art on artist George Bellows. At the turn of the century my father knew and admired George Bellows very much. Dad, George, and a third young and impoverished lad from Ohio, Paul Richmond, were all in New York City together trying to win their way to fame and fortune.

Pop and Bellows were both serious art students at Chase Art Institute and were members of the old Art Students' League. Occasionally, my father would reminisce a little about his New York City student and newspaper days.

One little anecdote he often told of the peckish Bellows, a hell of an athlete in his own right, man-about-town, and a performer as graceful as Napoleon Lajoie, according to dad, around second base, comes to mind which George pulled on dad and Richmond once.

It seems that while strolling down Broadway one day they (all three of them) happened to pass right by a gorgeous dish smoldering along in the opposite direction. "Gosh!" my dad would sigh, "but she was beautiful," the perfect model for the "Gibson Girl!"

Then Bellows said, "How would you like to see that in her birthday suit?" Pop remembers that one of them remarked, "you



mean in the altogether?" "That's just what I mean," reiterated Bellows. "I was in it up!" Dad says that he and his Prospect friend looked incredulously back and forth sure that their leg was being pulled until Dad finally spoke up. "Well I've gained! but I think you're bluffing." Richmond agreed he was game too and a date was made for the following Friday to meet on a nearby corner to see the fair Diana.

At that time Bellows showed up, led them across the street and down a dark and dingy side street. There he turned into an even darker alley which wound around a corner to an old tenement-style loft. They entered this building and went up a rickety flight of stairs to the second floor. Here Bellows dramatically flung back two wide doors saying "There! she is!" leaving two blushing and lovelick-looking fellow Ohioans standing staring at the "dick," while a chorus of earnest young men and women looked up from their bums stretching long enough to give my dad and Paul Richmond, the merry half-bro! The gal was there all right. She was a professional model and Bellows, who knew it all the time, had quite a bit of fun at my parent's expense. I rather gathered that this was not exactly what the duo had in mind.

A lot of these memories came flooding back to me when I saw some of the stuff George Bellows had painted. . . .

DAVE CRUMB

Delaware, Ohio



BELLOWS (RIGHT) AS SHORTSTOP

THE GREAT PROFILES

Sir:

Have you started with a "boo-boo"? Or could it be that the young upstart of TIME Inc. reported correctly when it stated that weight lifter Doug Hepburn was "handicapped since childhood with a shrunken left leg," whereas in older and more experienced brother Lark (August 24th issue) said it was a "withered right leg?"

F. J. MORAN

Winona, Minn.

• LIFE, older and more experienced, was right. What's more, SI mistook

Dave Bailey for Doug Hepburn (see note).—ED.



BAILEY

HEPBURN

Sir:

Congratulations! Time Inc. gets credit for another first in the field of Journalism.

However, I am forced to call a "boob." James Naismith was an instructor at the International YMCA College (Springfield, Mass.), now officially known as Springfield College, when he devised the game of basketball to provide an active type of exercise to supplement the formal gymnastic program and not the physical director at the Springfield, Mass. YMCA.

As a graduate of Springfield College 1940, I have more than a passing interest in bringing the editorial SPORTS ILLUSTRATED up to date on their facts.

CHARLES R. JONES
Associate Physical Director
Springfield Young Men's
Christian Association
Springfield, Mass.



DR. NAISMITH WITH HIS BASKETBALL TEAM
ON STOPS OF INFORMATION, YOUNG MEN'S
CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Sir:

On page 84 you say that James A. Naismith's invention of basketball was "the only game purely American in its origin." Canadians may take exception of this since—although the game was invented in the U.S.—Dr. Naismith was a Canadian, born at Almonte, near Canada's capital city.

OWEN G. GRANT

Ottawa, Ontario

• All praise to Canada.—ED.

TABLE MAY BOTTEN MY

Sir:

We've some sports in U.S. straight Eden fishes across weekend worst fun.

Pick shorn, riding, layups eggshells next. Sir quaver by when Serutan rime rather wonder too near is your table direction.

Congress relations?

Sir, please,

FRANK EDD ARDRE WHALE TUN

New York

Sir:

Corrected and here crapper fare those. We'd like to!

Ed ett necks times areas put water fans, yonder ant three staves with minus addition!

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES W. WELLS
Sacramento, Calif.

Case:

Eyeglasses across dew warts leave sorry boat Lark! Hat Hatten Hat; mainly "wider" and "and." Heard spoof-plender sleep top?

Start early,

ROBERT E. JONES

Blagwood, N.J.

• Corrected, spoof-plender slept top. Shoulder said "widow" and "and." —HEAD.

Sir:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is swell! We especially enjoyed the stories "The Baseball Bisher Trouble" and "Anybody Got a Solly Hennis?"

We have been collecting baseball cards for over 2 yrs. and now have 1,450 cards including duplicates and as many as 4 & 8 different type cards of some players.

We are enclosing a Solly Hennis card for the Weidman boys. Do they have a Johnny Antonelli? they could send us? Does anyone have a Johnny Antonelli?

GARRY CHALOSKIE
GEORGE CHALOSKIE
AGES 16 & 11

Brookport, N.Y.



• Johnny Antonelli is on the way to Garry and George and Solly Hennis is on the way to the Weidman Boys in an even swap.—ED.

August 24, 1954

Department of the Interior, Bureau of Reclamation

Washington, D.C.

Office of the Attorney General

Washington, D.C.

August 24, 1954

United States Senate

Washington, D.C.

1954 model

continued

HANDCLASPS FOR BABY

PUBLIC SERVANTS

Sir:

In a way I am sorry you are putting it out because there is so little time down here and I am sure I am going to read every issue with pleasure and interest.

BRUNAR STRATTON

United States Senate

Sir:

I am delighted to have this "new baby" because I think I was in at the birth of the first, second and third "babies."

HENRY CLAYTON LOVELL JR.
United Nations

■ Ambassador Lodge was TIME's first Washington correspondent since 1938.—ED.

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed the first issue, especially the piece on fishing. I am looking forward to issues that will, I am sure, deal with my other favorite sport, hunting.

The philosophy of the magazine is well stated in the piece on the "New Golden Age," where the writer says that "Far from being a dream world, the world of sport, located as it is everywhere, may be keeping another world from blowing its top, steadily and aggressively."

HAROLD STRASSER

Foreign Operations Administration

Sir:

Congratulations. It is off to a fast start.

AUGUST E. COSS
Mayor

Detroit

Sir:

... As one interested in practically every sport, I greatly enjoyed reading it and compliment you on its contents and makeup.

FRANK CARLSON

United States Senate

Sir:

It is my sincere belief that your magazine will be well received by the leaders in the world of sport.

THOMAS C. HENDERSON JR.

United States Senate

Sir:

Congratulations on the new offspring! OWEN CLIP HENRY
Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare

Sir:

The reason I know I will enjoy it is that my 18-year-old son, John, was one of your

prepublication subscribers and he has been devouring this first issue with immense enthusiasm. I hope it goes on to the great success which seems to be assured.

THOMAS R. DEWEY
Governor

Albany, N.Y.

Sir:

It's outstanding.

WALTER G. MADDISON

United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

INDUSTRIALISTS

Sir:

As one who has followed sports closely through the years and has actually seen a great many of the events that are so well photographed in this first issue, it brought back many vivid recollections. I was especially impressed with what I would call the "change of pace," as well as the comprehensiveness and breadth of coverage. It is bound to be of interest to the millions of Americans who are interested in sports of all kinds. Your first issue is so good that I think your staff will have lots of trouble maintaining the high standard it has set. But then, those of us who are confirmed readers of TIME, FORTUNE and LIFE have discovered that your organization has what it takes.

Congratulations to you and your associates on this outstanding first issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

BERNARD F. GIMBEL
Chairman of the Board
Gimbel Brothers, Inc.

New York

Sir:

We had seven guests over the weekend at Madison, Conn. Five arrived with a copy of the first issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

GROVER A. WHIGG
Chairman of the Board
Coca-Cola, Inc.

New York

Sir:

My family and I think it is great.

J. CAMERON THOMPSON
President
Northwest Bancorporation

Minneapolis

Sir:

I take this opportunity to congratulate you on launching this unique magazine.

K. S. ARAMIS

Chairman
Phillips Petroleum Company

Bartlesville, Okla.

Sir:

As a broken down athlete in the areas of golf, tennis, baseball, swimming, fishing, shooting, skiing and jumping the harem, I will be glad to record and send you any pearls of wisdom I accumulate.

LEONARD R. BOULANGER
Vice President
General Electric Company

Sir:

A quick look through indicates that you have done it again and have quite a magazine here.

DON G. MITCHELL
Chairman of the Board
Sylvania Electric Products, Inc.

Sir:

I think it is an excellent magazine and I am already looking forward to reading future issues.

J. P. LEVIN
Chairman Board of Directors
Owens-Illinois Glass Company

Toledo, Ohio

Sir:

The first issue is excellent. I suppose it goes without saying that I was carried away with Gurney Rice's "Test" piece—"Golf's Greatest Pain."

R. W. WOODWARD

Atlanta

Sir:

You are away to an excellent start. HAROLD BUCHHEIM
President

Owens Corning Fiberglas Corporation
Toledo, Ohio

Sir:

"It is a honey."

CHARLES HENSON

New York

Sir:

There's so much good material in it I know my son and I will spend hours poring through it.

C. G. MORTIMER

President
General Foods Corporation

White Plains, N.Y.

Sir:

My congratulations on a remarkable accomplishment.

LOWELL L. GRINACE
President

Central National Bank of Cleveland
Cleveland

THE ARTS

Sir:

I had a heck of a time keeping my kids from grabbing all the pictures of the ball-players. My wife, in particular, liked the piece on bubble gum by Jerome Weidman,

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
455 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

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page 11, 1946

because we are going through our own private Battle of the Bubble at home.

JERRY WALK
Columbia Pictures Corporation
Hollywood

Sir:

I have just seen the first issue of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** and I hasten to congratulate you on a splendid job, magnificently done. The magazine far exceeds, in every respect, anything I thought possible in the field of sports.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN

Los Angeles

Sir:

Congratulations. If you can keep up the exciting interest and the powerful appeal of that first issue, the magazine can't fail.

JOHN GOLDEN
St. James Theatre

New York

Sir:

The new magazine is a beauty. Good writing, high readability, illustrations put and lighted.

CARL SANDBURG

Fair Rock, N.C.

Sir:

It's a magnificent job. Congratulations and best wishes.

DEWEY VERN
Associate Director

The Institute of Contemporary Art
Boston

EDITORIAL & CLERGYMEN

Sir:

The first issue is the nearest thing I have to a Gutenberg Bible.

The text is as good as the pictures. It seems to be in the tradition of John Kieran and Arthur Daley—free from dumb jargon.

Rev. ROBERT I. GANNON, S.J.

St. Ignace Loyola Residence
New York

Sir:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is superb. It is more than "Sports Illustrated." It is "Sports Illustrated," for it fights up with new interest and deeper significance and richer meaning one of the great and growing areas in our world today.

HAROLD R. ELY, D.D.

Mt. Washington Baptist Church
Cincinnati

Sir:

If the aim of a democratic society is to bring out the best in the individual, physically, mentally and spiritually, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** supplies a definite medium to that end. At a time when the newstands are loaded with publications ranging from commercialized slick to the glorification of

the macabre, this new periodical comes like a breath of fresh, clear air.

REV. KENNETH A. BURKE, C.S.V.
Director of Libraries
De Paul University

Chicago

Sir:

I believe **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** will be of great service to American youth and to the American public.

JAMES W. LAURIE
President
Trinity University

San Antonio, Texas

Sir:

It looks like a winner.

ROBERT L. JOHNSON
President
Temple University

Philadelphia

Sir:

I have no suggestion other than to urge that future issues maintain the interest and standard of the first.

WALTER CONNORFIELD LANGHAM
President
Gettysburg College

Gettysburg, Pa.

Sir:

The thing that interested me was the large number of young men AND women who were waiting for the first copy to arrive. They had read about it and heard about it—and were really anxious to see it. I spoke to several of them and they think it is "HOT" and so do I.

JOHN G. MORGAN
General Secretary

The Young Men's Christian Association
Norfolk, Neb.

Sir:

It is much better than I had hoped for.

Rev. DAVID A. WORME
Christ Church
North Conway, N.H.

THE PRESS

Sir:

I acquired a copy as soon as it appeared on the newstands and have already told my office to secure it for me regularly.

ARTHUR HAYS SULZBERGER
Publisher
New York Times

Sir:

What hit me hardest was your initiative or deliberate emphasis as the basic emotion or primary passion that cut across all games, sports, pastimes and hobbies—concentrating on the "constants" like courage, character, competition and camaraderie.

M. LINCOLN SCHWARTZ
Simon & Schuster

New York

Sir:

I think the first issue is a knock-out!

F. F. FITZPATRICK
Publisher
The Salt Lake Tribune

Salt Lake City

Sir:

When the new sports weekly was in the planning stage, I was frankly skeptical. Volume 1, Number 1 has made a convert out of me. It's a magnificent job.

MARSHALL FIELD JR.
Editor and Publisher
Chicago Sun-Times

Chicago

Sir:

What impressed me most was the completeness of this first issue. It is as though you had been publishing it for years.

FRANK D. SCHWARTZ
Brooklyn Eagle

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sir:

Allow me to congratulate you.

RAUL MCNEIL
Editor, Atlanta Constitution

Athens

Sir:

It should be a great success and certainly will be. Its beautiful and well-chosen illustrations create intense interest and overflow with pictorial information which delight especially those who know and enjoy sports. Its articles on the chosen subjects impart to those interested in sports a great deal of information. Typographically your initial issue is excellent.

F. A. MILLER
President and Editor
The South Bend Tribune

South Bend

Sir:

I have read and enjoyed the first issue. From the combined viewpoint of a fan and routine sports editor, I think it is a first-rate job and strictly off and running on the right track.

ALAN J. GOULD
Executive Editor
The Associated Press

New York



HARRY WARDING, NEW YORK

JOHN WOLFE continued

CANCELLATIONS AND DISAPPOINTMENTS

Sir:

I have received my first copy of *Sports Illustrated* and wish to cancel my subscription.

WALTER GREENGLATT

Dallas, Texas

Sir:

I just "read" the first issue of *Sports Illustrated*.

Make-up unimaginative—writing the most okay—the pictures of the Marianne fight were good—but that doesn't make a magazine.

You seem to be departmentalized and organized all the news, small, fun and life out of sports.

PHILIP KESLER

New York

Sir:

Your first issue disappointed our son. He is an "outsider" enthusiast.

J. D. DRAKE

Jackson, Miss.

Sir:

The first time I scanned through the magazine I was definitely disappointed. I had thought that there would be more pictures and less reading.

The second time through (sometime later) I began to get the idea of what your place for the magazine were and my opinion of the first issue went up several points. To sum it up I am not wildly enthusiastic but will "wait and see" what comes up in the next month or so.

H. J. CLAY

N. Robinson, D.

Sir:

The new weekly magazine devoted to the Wonderful World of Sport, certainly pleases me no end, and at the same time it gives me some qualms. Sports are a great business, but along with the businessness this is what all the world today—me has to consider the wholesome and physical needs of the people. Will your editor point the magazine so that it does good for the people reading it, or is it just a report on sports? Will it make sports desirable from the viewpoint of the individual so that he becomes a participant, or is it like TV where one lazily and effortlessly watches the world go by without raising a finger to do anything about it?

PAUL Y. JACOBSON

Brooklyn, N.Y.

■ The finger will be raised.—ED.

Sir:

To the dispatch of praise which may be equalling you, may we add a bit of criticism?

Good were details better and the

"Spectacle" pictures. Just fair was the usually excellent "Red" Smith. As for the rest—such, exciting as a 12 to 2 ball game between the Orioles and the Reds.

K. C. BARRELL
 G. H. HENDERSON

Arlington, Texas

Sir:

Frankly, I'm a little disappointed. You devoted far more space to background and build-up than I enjoyed reading. Not enough of the up-to-the-minute stuff. Another thing, I'd like to see more pictures, although those you did publish were superb.

JOHN CROSSLIN

San Gabriel, Calif.

Sir:

How do you justify a boomerang in a section called Under 21? Only big wad boomerang man I ever heard of was Wallace and who knows of him?

CLYDE BOLTON

San Antonio



WALLACE IN ACTION

Sir:

I examined and read your first edition from cover to cover. I wish that I could say "congratulations" but unfortunately, I would be less than frank if I did not say that I was very much disappointed.

With the exception of Mark Kaufman's three color photo of the Marianne-Charles fight and George Bellows' three splendid paintings, I found very few of the illustrations capturing "the instant of dramatic excitement, of human and animal grace, of victory and defeat, that are what sport is made of."

C. J. FILLISTON

New York

Sir:

On page 122 of your first issue you published a picture of "a portrait of the Horse of the Year." This reproduction was made from a photograph sent to you by our office with a caption that Tom Finn was voted Horse of the Year by *The Morning Triangle* and *Daily Racing Form* and these publications were making the presentation to the owner of Greenacre Stable.

J. SAMUEL FORDMAN
 Editor and Publisher
 Triangle Publications, Inc.

New York

■ Full apologies for leaving out the newsworthy facts.—ED.

Sir:

I read your first issue with an open mind. Having read it, I put on my shoes and dropped into my favorite bar to discuss its merits with others in the advertising and writing world.

The consensus of opinion was that the materials were too dry, the manufacturers too smart, the beer too warm and the magazine on a level three times removed from the bleachers and one from the box seats.

Don't take your monumental work so damned seriously. Mr. Research can bubble faster, but you can't believe the sports fans. They are here because sports are entertainment, fun, escape, hobbies and sheer unadulterated enjoyment.

WALTER F. DEBBING

Miami, Fla.

Sir:

I did note two minor errors in the first issue, both of them having to do with harness racing. Under a photograph of Mrs. E. R. Marianne driving Tassel Hanover, you state that she is "bettering the world half-mile mark which she set two years ago with the same horse as a three-year old." Actually, I believe that Tassel Hanover was a three-year old in 1938 during which year she set the half-mile mark record for pacing three-year old fillies at 2:03.3.

On page 122 in the last paragraph, you refer to the combine of proximity but the adjectives used belie the fact that she is actually a mare. This point is of no great significance except that it is interesting that The Maid's unique performance was first surpassed by another mare.

RENNAN HIGGS

Cherry Chase, Md.

■ Reader Helms is right on both counts.—ED.

AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION



Amateur Athletic Union
of the United States



United States Olympic Committee



AMERICAN BOWLING CONGRESS

TEXAS TENNIS ASSOCIATION







Sir:

This magazine presents the sports picture in a unique manner and, in my opinion, should satisfy the demand for the coverage of all sporting events in one publication, that the tremendous number of sports-minded people of this country have been seeking.

May I offer my congratulations to you and your staff and assure you that I am avidly looking forward to the receipt of my next edition?

"HANK" GREENBERG
Cleveland Indians

Cleveland



I have just read through *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* from cover to cover and find it most interesting.

Naturally I have a special affection for boxing and I anticipate some interesting presentations by Budd Schulberg, who can write as few others can.

ALF J. GREENE
Commissioner

National Boxing Association
of America
Paterson, N.J.



Your new magazine should mean a lot to all sports in the years to come.

A. J. CONNELL
Augusta Baseball Club

Augusta, Ga.



It is certainly a very interesting publication, and I am sure will be very well received. The articles and pictures are very well done.

GEORGE A. FLETCHER
Philadelphia National League Club
Philadelphia



Ray, I'm really impressed.

NOE McKENNA
National Hockey League
Montreal, Canada



You certainly have an A-1 publication here and one which will be a great asset in revealing sports in general.

RAYMOND DUNN
National Baseball Congress
Wichita, Kansas



I read through it with a great deal of interest, and I assure you I have no suggestions as to how it can be improved. It is "top" in my book. Everything about it

has to appeal not only to those in the sports world, but to others as well.

THOMAS A. YANNEY
President
Boston American League
Baseball Company

Boston



You and your staff are to be congratulated on a job well done and I am looking forward to each succeeding issue.

GABRIEL PAUL
The Cincinnati Baseball Club Co.
Cincinnati



After looking this first issue over, I want to compliment you and your staff for presenting such a fine sports magazine to the public. It certainly covers the activities of all sports in a most complete manner. Keep up the good work!

CLARK C. GOURVEN
President
Washington American League
Base Ball Club
Washington, D.C.



To use your own words, it is really "exciting." We, who have made amateur leagues in the field, find great value at least in knowing how well these things can be done under optimum auspices.

PETER J. MCGOWAN
President
Little League Baseball
Williamsport, Pennsylvania



These are the reactions of a fellow who has written sports in Boston papers for 45 consecutive years. I confess I am a track fiend. What a magnificent job on the incredible collapse of Jim Frazier in the British Empire Games Marathon . . . How

FROM THE KANSAS CITY STAR

Sporting Comment

By ROBERT MALL (The Star's Sports Editor)

The first issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* reached the newsstands last week after many weeks of the most exhaustive preparation and this latest effort by Time, Inc., constitutes a really extraordinary addition to the field of athletics.

The photography is breath-taking and the scope of the material excellent. In this field *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, judging by the first issue, is in a class by itself.

Time, Inc., hopes to do with this weekly what it has done with its national magazine devoted to stories behind the news. In this issue it offers articles on baseball, hunting and fishing, track, swimming, throw-

ing and golfing. I have talked with the first issue, and feel that the book will be a real need for the layman as well as the professional in the field of sports.

JOHN FULFORD
Sports Director, WEEI
Boston



Thanks much for the advance copy of "Sports Illustrated." I took it home last night and gave it a good going over. A fine magazine, something that has been lacking in the sports magazine field for some time. Anytime I can spend an evening with any sort of periodical, it has to be something. Congratulations on a fine job.

GEORGE McKENNA
Sports Director, WEEI
Menasha, Wisconsin



It's tough for a play-by-play sports announcer to admit, but your first edition left me speechless. It's the most.

JIM HURLEY
Sports Director, WIKK
Erie, Penn.



Took liberty to quote a bit from your stories, as I have been writing some Kansas hunting saga. Will look forward to seeing some more issues. Will get up.

PETE LASHNER
Sports Editor
Wichita Eagle
Wichita, Kans.



I was delighted with the first issue, and feel that the book will be a real need for the layman as well as the professional in the field of sports.

JOHN FULFORD
Sports Director, WEEI
Atlanta, Ga.

ing and golfing.

We were interested particularly in a list of leading spectator sports and the leading participant sports. Football, with 125 million fans for spectators followed by basketball with 95 million, baseball with 85 million, horse racing with 84 million and football with 85 million.

Of the participant sports fishing is first with 25 million, bowling second with 20 million, hunting third with 18 million, boating fourth with 19 million and golf fifth with 5 million.

Let's hope *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* maintains the early pace it has set for itself.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HY FORDIN

BEAR CUBNAPING

*A hulking
mother brown bear
glares
from her den
at
four intruders . . .*





... who have climbed a Kodiak mountain to try to catch her cubs for exhibits at a zoo

A CRAGGY ISLAND off the southern coast of Alaska is the home of the Kodiak bear. One day last spring a yacht, which carried a hunting party made up of Lee Pavelle and Mr. and Mrs. Jim Nash of New York and Walter Stocklin of Philadelphia, lay at anchor below one of Kodiak's sheer mountains. A guide on deck saw a bear with three cubs on a ledge high above. Four guides were quickly dispatched to make a search for the den. Their orders: bring back the cubs unharmed.

Two hours later, after rowing ashore and making a careful stalk to the heights, the men reached a point where they could watch the now-empty ledge area below. They counted on being above the den, for a bear seldom charges uphill. Soon their scent drifted to the bear's hideaway and with a roar the old lady revealed herself before them. She thrust her head above ground to stare at the guides nearby.

Suddenly the animal advanced toward them, to pause 20 feet away. Guide Griska snatched off his hat, flung it at the bear's head. She whirled and balled for her den. Later a pair of dirty socks in a knotted burlap bag was lowered into the den. At this the bear took off downhill.

Griska crawled into the den, collared the mischievous cubs one by one and handed them out. They now can be seen at the Brookfield Zoo in Chicago.

THE FRIGHTENED BEAR races away down the mountain as a relieved guide, who had been prepared to shoot, watches from the den site. The animal (at right in background) never looked back, never paused in its flight. Finally it disappeared among trees.



GARDNER (JIMMY), ORIN AND NICK (FROM LEFT) LISTEN TO CUBS AT DEN. SOON ORIN CRAWLED IN FOR THEM



SQUALLING CUBS. Burled out one at a time by Orin, go protesting into bags for trip back to the boat. Two months old, the little bears weighed around 25 pounds apiece, had to be handled like kittens by the scruffs of their necks.



Charlie Madson, veteran guide and skipper of hunting boat "Kodiak Bear," lifts an angry cub. He has sent more than 80 to zoos as a side line, must get government permission to fill each order. At left, he measures cubs into cage where they soon learned to get along on Pablum and milk.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SPINNING

Advocates of spin-fishing have claimed everything for it but the ability to read and write. The author, after a long trial, has now gone back to the older methods

by Bryan Collier

IN 1947, spin-fishing, a unique angling method long practiced in Europe, achieved a sudden, wildfire popularity in the U.S. The technique actually had been introduced here in 1938 by Buckle Brown (see "It Brings Home the Fish," p. 57), but it attracted little attention until the postwar fishing boom sent thousands of novice anglers to the streams and estuaries. New and old fishermen alike were charmed with its easy operation—a flick of the rod and the lure or bait sailed effortlessly across the water. The simplest of the angling crafts, spinning has since won wide acceptance.

It also has provoked one of the hottest controversies in the outdoor field. Its advocates have made many extravagant claims concerning its efficiency; its opponents have paid it even greater homage. Some of them contend it is so deadly it should be declared illegal for the good of American fishing. This combination of "endorsements" has had an unfortunate result. Multitudes of anglers—particularly novices—have been persuaded to buy equipment that proved unsatisfactory.

The fact of the matter is that spinning is neither as good—nor as bad—as its publicity. A properly balanced spinning outfit will probably do more things than any other single angling kit. Under some conditions it is unsurpassed, a delight to the user. But spinning has definite limits. It is not and can never be a total replacement for bait casting. It is in no sense a competent substitute for the fly rod, though some of spinning's accomplishments approach those of the fly rod. Spinning will not deliver a lure as delicately or set a hook as positively. It does not have a fly rod's certainty of touch in handling a fish, especially in turbulent waters. None of this is a disparagement of spinning, any more than it is a disparagement to say of the fly rod that under some conditions it is inferior to bait casting.

A few years ago I acquired my first spinning outfit. I had good fortune



SPINNING IN SALT WATER, with typical large-capacity reel, is latest craze. Collier says: Conventional gear is as good, and better in the wind.

in that an expert had guided the purchase of an outfit that was beautifully balanced—a seven-foot fiberglass rod weighing just over four ounces, a light Italian reel with full-ball pickup and three spools holding more than 300 yards each of two-, four- and six-pound monofilament line (a single strand of nylon).

AT FIRST IT WAS WONDERFUL

I had my troubles, yes. But the first day, using the four-pound monofilament, I landed three handsome striped bass, the largest of which stretched the tape to 32 inches.

Later I had other exciting adventures, and back home I began to look with nostalgic regret at the half-dozen

other rods on my study wall. They had caught lots of fish, yet I actually wondered what I could get for them secondhand.

"Everything but spinning," I said in my ignorance. "Is obsolete."

Thus the idiot with a new toy.

I have since acquired several other spinning outfits, each designed for its own type of fishing. I love them all. But I am glad now that I did not get rid of the other rods.

I'm just an ordinary angler. I fish when I have the time, with average skill, perhaps with a little more attention than usual to technique. We live in the South Carolina low country. Charleston Harbor is just outside our back piazza. Miles of beaches festoon

HOW SPINNING WORKS



READY TO CAST. Inevitably grips the and pickup ball is open. Caster is Hakea Brown (opposite page).



SHARP LINE buries unanchored up from motionless reel spool and out through large spinning guides.



WINDING THE REEL automatically stops out and picks up the line, then wraps it on to the spool.

the nearby sea islands. Behind the islands are marsh creeks, bays and dark, deep rivers flowing sweetly from the hinterland. Upcountry are fresh-water lakes.

It was in the surf that I first began to look askance at spinning. When surf casting to our terrain we seek the schooling fish which feed in the breakers. Rarely do even the "reds," as we call channel bass, exceed 15 pounds classically. For fish up to this weight, near-invisible monofilament line can achieve miracles.

However, a couple of summers back I began to observe—I was still a spinning addict then—that in some relatively normal situations I was being outfished by my wife, a person so stubbornly obtuse that she still preferred her bait-casting rod.

OUTFISHED IN THE FAMILY

Some things a man has to notice. With any sort of fishing gear, I fancy myself a more expert operator than my wife. I've been at it longer, and I taught her what she knows. Yet there were those days when I was being outfished. There had to be a reason, and a little introspective thinking quickly revealed it.

My wife was beating me on those days when for some perverse reason fish seem to prefer cut bait and feed on the bottom. You have to reach them with two- to four-ounce pyramid sinkers if you are in the surf or other areas strongly affected by tidal currents.

Now I am not foolish enough to stick with artificials when fish are taking cut bait. In my addiction to spinning I, too, used a bottom rig but was necessarily limited to a half ounce or so of lead by the frailness of my line. My bait wasn't staying put; it was washing too freely in the currents; I wasn't feeling strikes.

One day I left my spinning rig at home and took along an old bait-casting outfit. That day my wife was hooked and no end annoyed. I had proved to myself that under some conditions spinning is not the best approach.

On the other side of the coin, there are types of bait fishing in which spinning gear is superb. It is marvelously adapted to live bait both in fresh and salt water.

Heavy spinning gear is fine for trolling. I have discovered, especially in given where it is superior to conventional rods and reels in ease of handling when a fish is on.

It happens I have also done a good deal of work with heavy spinning gear in the surf. I have an eight-foot rod

with spinning-type guides, and a big reel. This rod has a reel seat that permits switching at will from a spinning to a standard surf reel.

A TENDENCY TO "BELLY"

In numerous tests I have found that under optimum conditions I can take fish with the spinning gear just as large and strong as are landed on any of the standard rigs. But let me stress the "optimum."

I found that in even a light breeze the monofilament tends to "belly" annoyingly on very long casts, making it hard to control and in some instances feel the quick strikes which occur when heavy fish are feeding hungrily.

Presently I found myself taking both reels, spinning and regular. I would fish with one for half an hour, then switch. Always I would use the same rod which I admit is probably not long enough for maximum spinning efficiency with heavy lures. But I doubt that a longer, more limber spinning rod would have made much difference in what I found, which is that on still days there was no advantage in spinning, and that on windy days spinning was at a noticeable disadvantage.

These remarks refer to the entire mechanics of fishing, not just casting, which brings up an often misunderstood facet of spinning. "Look, I can find this little lure a mile," says the spinning convert. And so he can, if it is a 1/16th lure. With baits up to 3/4 or 1 ounce (though I got best results with weights up to 1/2 ounce), a spinner will achieve greater distance and more gratifying accuracy than with bait-casting tackle.

Anyone who considers distance the supreme accomplishment in his fishing should use spinning gear, but only with light lures. In heavy fishing, surf or elsewhere, spinning will not deliver the distance obtainable with conventional tackle.

For novices, perhaps, spinning is the best answer even in turbulent surf and wind, since there is a certain amount of truth in spinning's motto—no backlashes. And yet there are troubles even in this most avoided of notions about the craft of spinning. . . .

I was fishing a couple of years ago with an engineer for one of the big U.S. tackle manufacturers, who was using an experimental spinning reel. He told his story of an experience with the reel.

"I was fiddling with this gadget in my back yard. A neighbor boy watched and persistently asked to try it. I let him. After all, this was a spinning reel and nothing could go wrong with it. That

kid worked it as I told him to work it. He got the damndest bird's nest I ever saw. Had to cut the line out."

These tangles come, inexplicably, when monofilament curls and twists into a fantastic spiral dance, and suddenly you have a misty ball of nylon, often between rod tip and striking fish. Most of them cannot be unraveled and must be cut out. Then there is line slough, which happens when you don't gauge the breeze just right. Leaping whorls seize the rearmost guide and heaven help you! Users of reels having a pickup finger know frustration when the line half-hitches around the finger at the start of a retrieve.

Finally, there are those fishing moments of uncontrollable slack when a swirl of nylon will alight beneath the reel's spool and get tangled in the gears. The only procedure is to remove the spool, untangle it carefully, and if a heavy fish strikes meanwhile—forget it.

THE DISCOURTEOUS ANGLER

No, you can't get a backlash. But, oh brother!

There are other conditions under which spinning emerges as less than perfect. For example, charter boats. I rejoice in having some long-suffering fishing friends. They are courteous. They would never say, "Look, Collier, your spinning is a nuisance."

Nevertheless they have known irritating times, like the day I was a member of a boating party and we got into a school of big channel bass. I was using a heavy spinning rig and 10-pound monofilament. The others had standard gear and 40-pound-test lines.

Those bass were really rough. My friends fought them to the gill and that was that. When I got a loveless strike everyone else had to reel in, because "Collier is spinning" and Collier needed sea room. I felt it was an imposition and quit after that one fish. Out of courtesy, therefore, I have quit spinning wherever the surroundings are crowded.

It seems a pity to me that spinning has been so overvalued to the uninitiated, for often its easy casting breeds false self-being; a man thinks he is a fisherman just because he has learned to cast in five minutes. Later he may quit the sport—I know of several who have—because though he may look like a pro he is really a rank duf who has not learned how to fish.

I'm glad spinning came along. But after several years of it, I have come to believe this: It is just another fishing method—not a way of life.

The man who brought spin-fishing to America agrees it is no cure-all but says:

IT BRINGS HOME THE FISH

by Berke Brown

Should anyone ask me what I think about spinning when I'm fishing hard—hanging on to a runaway bonefish, say—I might blurt out: "The damndest, easiest tackle I've ever seen!"

Under normal conditions I would call it the most remarkable method of fishing ever devised. It has brought fishing pleasure and relaxation to millions of dullies who struggled for years with half-casting reels and unwhispered fly-fishing tackle. The growth of spinning in recent years has proved its soundness and it is now with little doubt the country's most popular tackle.

Here was a method that gave a new life to fishing—anyone could cast, they knew no other tackle could handle. It filled the gap between the fly and the heavy plug, yet could be cast easily from bushy spots and other places where a fly reel would be useless. Later men have found that with stronger rods and lines the method will handle heavy salt baits and lures.

Twenty-five years ago on a clear October morning I was bass fishing with an old comrade in Belgium. The spot was a large, slow-moving pool on the Seneca River that flows among the Adirondack Mountains. My friend, Albert Gollard, brought to the river the strangest-looking casting outfit I had ever seen.

I watched fascinated while Albert, with a gentle cast, shot a tiny minnow lure far and toward the center of the pool, then retrieved slowly until a fish struck. I could not contain myself and began shouting questions. This was a spinning reel, he said. Fixed-speed, the British called it, the speed being stationary when a cast is made, the line unrolling and slowing of the speed end.

One holds the reel directly above the rod and instantly notes the excellent balance. The line, picked up by the index finger, is held while a small metal finger or bail is pushed open. The run is made and the line, released, goes sailing out through the guides—no moving mechanisms, no



Berke Brown spinning near his home at Sarasota, Fla. last week.

overseeing gears, no sound but the swift of the unrolling line. What a blunder cast as the little lure shoots out over the water with never the danger of a backlash.

This was too good for American fishermen to miss. In 1933 I began importing spinning reels, distributing them throughout the United States. When the war stopped imports in 1949 some associates and I became the first to manufacture spinning reels in this country, as Berke Hamilton Brown, Inc.

The spinning reel is not infallible. It is a precision item, and if know-how is lacking and tolerance not held during its manufacture, it will give trouble. I have never maintained that spinning is a cure-all in fishing. It can never replace the dry fly for me, yet for heavy wet-fly and bucktail fishing, under certain conditions, it can be a better and more versatile instrument than a fly reel.

I have fished much of the Atlantic Coast for striped bass with moderately heavy conventional tackle. Never have I advocated spinning tackle for this work except by those incapable of using such outfit. Yet from the beaches of Cape Cod to Cape May, N.J., you will find hundreds of spinning outfits in use, their owners unreservedly enthusiastic . . . sure proof that spin-fishing consistently brings home the fish.



ON THE TOWN

The praying mantis (above, life-size) is causing panic in the streets

by JOHN O'REILLY

FOUR YELLING housewives ran out of a Manhattan delicatessen. Close behind them and no less agitated sped the proprietor in his white apron. They and the crowd that soon gathered were peering furtively into the store when the squad car arrived.

"It's in there," the man said.

"It glared at me, officer," said one of the excited women.

Unable to get a clear explanation from the unruly crowd, the police closed in to defend the public safety against they knew not what. Once inside, they found the panic had been created by a four-inch-long greenish insect standing defiantly in the middle of the floor. It was a praying mantis.

This incident is typical of many eastern cities in late August and in September, when these tigers of the insect world appear in odd urban places. The police, museums and zoos receive frequent telephone calls from startled persons who have been confronted by one of the critters. Often the callers are office workers, for the mantises, although rather poor flyers, are carried upward by strong winds.

"There's a big bug on my window sill and he's staring at me. What shall I do?" one museum caller said.

"Stare right back, madam, it's only a praying mantis," she was informed.

The adult mantis is green and brown with two pairs of long, lacy wings. It stands on four of its six legs as though teetering on jointed toothpicks. Its forelegs are its weapons, a wicked pair of grabbers set with opposing teeth, like cross thorns. The insect takes its name from its habit of posing with

these forelegs folded in an attitude of prayer.

Sitting in its holler-than-thou posture, the mantis waits for its victim. Should a grasshopper come along, the insect carnivore slowly turns its head to watch the approach of its next meal. When it is within reach, the toothed forelegs shoot out with such rapidity that the grasshopper, for all his own agility, hasn't a chance. He is pinioned in a pair of saw-edged jaws from which there is no escape. Then the cold-eyed conqueror takes his time. Leisurely and daintily he starts nibbling on the struggling prisoner with the calm of a man eating an ear of sweet corn.

THE OVER-THE-SHOULDER LOOK

In the fall, the female deposits her eggs in a case resembling dried foam. All winter long these egg cases cling to the twigs of bushes and trees. In late spring as many as 200 tiny mantises will hatch out of a single egg mass. At birth they are agile and ready to pounce on any insect they can master.

On first meeting an adult praying mantis, people usually mention the eyes, the most prominent feature of its triangular head. It is really not so much the eyes but the way the mantis uses them that causes consternation. It can turn its head almost all the way around, like an owl, and if you walk in front of one it will follow you with a cold, supercilious stare. It is the only insect that can look over its shoulder.

This late-summer city-goer is an Oriental species which first appeared in this country at a plant nursery at Germantown, Pa. around 1896. It

was believed that the egg cases were clinging to some plants imported from China.

Attaining a length of four inches, this immigrant is larger than any of the 15 or more species of praying mantis native to the United States.

Its prodigious appetite for other insects led the Oriental mantis to be regarded as valuable to have around a garden. Some entomologists point out that it eats the good along with the bad, relishing a honey bee as much as a Japanese beetle. But in most gardens the newcomer is welcome. It spread out from Pennsylvania slowly of its own accord, and later people began doing a mail-order business in mantises, collecting egg cases and shipping them all over. Now the creature may show up in anybody's home town.

Even among city folk the original jitter soon wears off and many a mantis now becomes a pet. City people will make pets of almost anything. I once knew a small boy who fished a cherry-stone clam from his mother before she could serve it on the half shell and made a nest for it. Mantises make much better pets than clams.

There have been so many demands for information on these fall invaders that the American Museum of Natural History now gets out a leaflet on the care and feeding of mantises. Included is a warning to keep them in separate cages if you have more than one. The female has a grisly trait that she shares with the spider: after mating, in captivity at least, she will often devour her spouse. In the insect world, no one invites a mantis to dinner.



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LISTENING TO A JUNE....



AND SIGNS WINNER HOME

At Akron last week Danny DeVore watched young champions from 38 states race in the 17th annual classic. Here is his report:

AKRON, OHIO:

JUST past the finish line at Derby Downs in Akron there's a small slice of unrooled stands which soapbox racers and officials speak of in their special idiom as "looser's paddock." But in big printed words at the down-stretch entrance to the paddock there's this warning to possible crashers: CRASHERS ONLY. Champions, by any paddock name, are certainly still champions, aren't they?

The very first champ to qualify for a seat in the libelous losers' paddock at the August 13 Derby (and he was followed, of course, within the next hour and three-quarters by 144 fellow champion-looser) was a 14-year-old driver named Carl Vogel Jr., from east Chicago way. Carl managed to cop this honor he wasn't exactly shooting for—that of being the first of the 148 who didn't come in first—by taking third place in the first three-man heat of this steaming 17th annual Derby.

Still looking a little bit dazed from defeat and tension, Carl was ushered out of his car at the end of the coasting runway that follows the finish line. As Carl started away, a little bit dejected-looking in head and shoulders, he took a final glance at his car (named by him 7-11). It was rapidly being removed by attendants for early crating and shipment back home. Some bright dreams of three years' stardom went along with old 7-11. And they had been shattered for Carl in something less than the very first half-minute of this All-American classic. It's not too easy to shrug off a break like that.

Carl didn't look like a guy struggling it off, not by any means. He did a lot of quick blinking behind his pale tortoise-shell glasses.

A little to Carl's right, Ralph Watts Jr.—who runs the paddock phones—got free of his gab and called over. But Carl was so busy staring straight ahead at some blur or something that he didn't seem to hear. Watts made his remark, anyway.

"You boys all drove a good straight race," Watts said, practically yelling it. "A real close one, Carl. A tough one, Carl."

Carl nodded and made sort of a smile back. Whatever his private thoughts were, there was no arguing the point that this was the end of the trail for him as a soapbox racer. Once a local champ, once sent to Derby Downs, the rules say you're through. Feller, Louie, Tru-bert—they all had a better chance to get used to pressure than this. "This" being Carl's half-minute.

CARL LOBBED MONTHS FOR HALF-MINUTE RACE

For that half-minute Carl had worked some time. He'd spent somewhere between six months and a year of his spare time building three different racers for three different Woodstock (Ill.) competitions before he'd finally picked up all the marbles there and got himself shipped to Akron. And this final feat he'd performed the hard way—finished in the finals in a dead heat with another veteran named Gordon Swanson, then beater Gordon out in the big local runoff. No doubt he thought of some of this, the lumps he'd taken, as he sat and stared from his front seat in losers' paddock, watching the fast little four-wheeled bugs come tearing down the speedway, three of them abreast, over and over again, at precisely every 48th second.

The car he'd designed this year (and built) was as different from his original '32 model as a Jaguar is from a Jeep. Different, also, in just about the same ways. His '32 model had been on the squarish, wind-resisting side and had been propelled by plain old wagon wheels. In it, he found himself out of the money in the first heat. But next year, the new Vogel was much more streamlined and Carl lasted as far as the third Woodstock heat. So things were looking up.

This year Carl was 14. That meant in one year he'd be as completely through in Akron (official rules again) as DiMaggio is in the stadium. He didn't feel around. He went down to the public library and got a book on streamline designs. He studied it as diligently as the one on algebra. This car he really set out to streamline to the last little ripple.

Down in his basement he took the floor board he'd bought, cut it to fit the design he'd worked out in his head and on paper. Next came the

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UNDER 25 continued

body bulkheads; then installation of steering system; then brakes. He painted it blue, with silver aluminum on top. Two months it took in all—evenings and weekends. Result: the Vogel 7-12.

So the big moment of the big day finally came. He won't forget it soon: Sunday, August 15; time: 2 p.m. The luck of the draw put him at the starting line of topside on the speedway, along with Phil Peckham from Madison, Wis., and Larry Tracy from St. Catherine, Ont. His helmeted head was in the coachbox's traditional crouch, nose against the metal baffle plate that drops when the starting lever is released. Then—the great big swoosh! Past 50 to 60 thousand full-throated fans from just about every neck of North America.

That brief dash down was the end of three years of study, work and competition for Carl. A fast traveler named Dick Kemp from Los Angeles wound up 150 places in front of him. Dick went home with a \$1,600 college scholarship and Carl went home with his train fare free. But both gave it all, and Carl would be the last to deny that the fly/ingest car won.

It wasn't really until the 10th heat that Carl showed he'd already taken a fairly important fact of life in good stride. That was when he suddenly lost the dazed look, stood up and yelled as three more of the four-wheeled bugs came whizzing down the Derby turnpikes.

"Come on, Pat!" Carl yelled. "Come on, Pat!"

It was a kind of weak yell, but a yell. And with it, the designer of the Vogel 7-12 showed he was sitting right where he belonged—that section of Derby Downs labeled CHAMPIONS ONLY.



WINNER DICK KEMP OF LOS ANGELES



IN EXHIBITION GAME BEFORE U.S. FANS VANCOUVER'S BAWLEY (R) REACHED FOR PASS AS MONTREAL ALBUQUERQUE LINEHORN CHARGE

DeBba was a one-man team that day. Never had Canadians seen such passing and running. Almost singlehanded he came within seven points of winning the Grey Cup. The reception that awaited DeBba on his return to Regina was even greater than the one given the King and Queen. The city wanted to make DeBba mayor; gifts were thrust at him by clothing and sporting-goods manufacturers; he acquired a radio program and found himself doing a newspaper column. Regina motor cars began appearing on the streets plastered with the sign "DeBba-ville." Anywhere in the whole province of Saskatchewan, "Glenn DeBba" meant "Mr. Football."

SPEEDS THE THING

DeBba's exploits made professional football. All the enthusiasm and hero worship that once went to the players from McGill, the University of Toronto and Queens was quickly syphoned off and lavished upon the pros because they performed so magnificently. Canadians, brought up on ice hockey, worship speed, and it is their greatest asset as football players. Most of the Americans have found this speed-up stimulating.

"It's a faster game than ours," Weinman said recently. "I like that because although I am big (6'4", 240 pounds), I like to think that I'm fast. The ball changes hands half a dozen times in a quarter and that sure keeps you on your toes. It keeps the spectators excited, too, which is the main idea. What amazes me about playing in Canada is the enthusiasm. It's like being back in my old college days."

The one great deficiency of the irreg-

ular Canadian footballer, by American standards, is his predilection toward gentlemanliness. But even that, whether for good or bad, is disappearing under American tutelage. DeWitt ("Tex") Coulter, the enormous tackle formerly with Army and the New York Giants, noted not long ago that "Canadian players used to stand away and let a pass receiver catch the ball before they tackled him. They don't do that any more."

Along with the players, Canada has been importing American coaches. Montreal got Doug (Peckhead) Walker of Wake Forest, Frank Clair of Ohio State went to Toronto, Carl Voyle of Duke, Oklahoma and the old Brooklyn Football Dodgers went to Hamilton. Clem Crowe of Notre Dame commands Ottawa. In western Canada the story is the same. The Winnipeg head man is Al Sherman of the Giants and the Philadelphia Eagles. Frank Filchock, another ex-Giant, coaches the Regina Rough Riders and the Calgary Stampeders have Larry Siemering, former coach of the College of the Pacific and the Washington Redskins. Frank ("Pop") Ivy came up from Oklahoma to bring the Edmonton Eskimos the famous Oklahoma split-T.

Last year when Canadian sports writers started picking the All-Canadian team they picked eleven Americans and one Canadian, and the Canadian they chose was a Chinese full-back with Edmonton named Norman Kwong, nicknamed "China Clipper."

How have the Canadian teams been able to compete financially with the Americans? Probably the chief clue can be found in the financial structure of the teams themselves. Of the nine big

teams, only one, the Montreal Alouettes, operates as a truly professional outfit that depends upon gate receipts for its daily bread. The other eight squads are civic, even provincial, institutions. If there are profits, these are plowed back into the sport. If there are losses, there is usually a millionaire handy to take up the slack.

A couple of years ago one of the Calgary Stampeders' backers wanted Bob Waterfield of the Los Angeles Rams on the team. He went down to the movie capital and with his own money offered \$5,000 more than the star of the Rams was getting. In this case, though, the inducement didn't work. Waterfield had movie commitments, among them Jane Russell, his wife, who couldn't leave Hollywood.

FARE FROM THE ARCTIC

Sometimes the Canadian system of financing teams creates anomalies which many Americans find puzzling. Take Regina. Regina is a prairie town of 71,000. Yet it supports one of Canada's top teams at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars a year. How? On days when the Rough Riders play home games special trains and planes go in from the nickel, uranium and gold mines of the north. They come in from the lumber camps and the farms, from isolated towns and they come loaded with money as well as people. Edmonton (population: 173,000) has season ticket holders who live within the Arctic Circle, 1,000 miles away.

The newest phenomenon on the Canadian football horizon is Vancouver and its British Columbia Lions, and its experience in getting started is fairly typical of what is going on in Cana-

CANADIAN FOOTBALL continued

dian football today. Originally Winnipeg objected to Vancouver getting into the league because it meant a 1,200-mile jump over the Rockies for games. But a group of wealthy Vancouverites, who frequent the Arctic Club, began to chaff each other because Canada's third largest city (240,000 people) had no stake in the Grey Cup finals. As the ribbing increased the men got more serious until several put their own money on the line to start a team.

They wanted Annie Stukas as coach and front man. Big "Stuke," a football great in Canada in the '20s, had made a name for himself as a leader when he coached Edmonton from the cellar to a Western final four years ago. He had retired from coaching to write sports for the *Daily Star* in Toronto. When the Vancouver enthusiasts approached him he turned them down, but finally agreed to fly out and talk the matter over. Stukas left Toronto on a freezing February morning and arrived in Vancouver to find citizens working in their gardens. That did it. He became coach of a team that had no players, and hadn't even been admitted to the Western Conference.

Vancouver had the reputation of being aloof, reactionary, little given to going all out for professional games. How to get Vancouver obsessed with pro football was Stukas' first problem. He started somewhat spectacularly by signing Weinmeister. With Weinmeister in the fold other great players were willing to listen, among them Johnny Mauer, Notre Dame's big last quarterback; Byron Bailey of the Green Bay Packers; Andy Hillhouse, the 6 ft. 4 in. star end from Texas A&M; Tom Kelly, guard from Marquette; Dick Christianson, top lineman from the University of Arizona; George Brown of Texas University and

the Giants; Bob Levenhagen of the L.A. Rams; Laurin Niemi, the giant Finn (328 pounds) who captained the Washington Redskins; and Chuck Quillen of the San Francisco 49ers.

His "Big Cat" line set for the assault from the east, Stukas turned to other means of selling his product. He found that many big British Columbia towns, like Trail, Nanaimo, Prince Rupert, which had produced championship hockey teams, knew practically nothing about football. So he organized teams and taught them the rudiments of the game. Kamloops, a fast-growing town nestled in the Rockies, responded to this treatment by sending the Lions a colorful parka with "Kamloops" printed on its back. It was accompanied by a promise that within a year there would be a Kamloops player to fill the parka.

Meanwhile the Vancouver directors had begun selling membership tickets in the club. Within a few days 3,500 people paid \$20 for the simple privilege of wearing a button that said they were truly members of the football club. Encouraged by this public support, season tickets for the games were put on sale at about \$50 each. They sold 10,000. By then Stukas felt fairly sure that British Columbia had bought his football package. He was even sure a few days later when 4,000 people turned out to watch the first practice.

IT'S NOT JUST THE MONEY

Following the lead of other coaches in the two leagues, Stukas has gone to some pains to make sure his players have more than money to make them happy. Weinmeister has been provided with a job as a sales executive, and has been writing a newspaper column. A less publicized player, Levenhagen, has received equally loving care.

"If I was pushed off the team tomorrow," he said recently, "I'd still stay here. If I left Vancouver to play with the Rams it would cost me \$4,000 a year. I have a job that is good for 12 months of the year now, not even as it was in the NFL. These your only future had to be football. Here you have roots. I have a home almost built. I have my job. I have security. I'm going to stay."

When NBC decided to televise the Canadian games a veteran sportscaster, Lindsey Nelson, was sent up to report on differences between the two types of football. He was surprised both by Canadian football and Canadians. "Wait until we televise the Grey Cup play-off," Nelson said last week. "We've nothing in this country to compare with it. It's a mixture of the Calgary Stampede, the World Series, an Atlantic City beauty contest and a snow slide. Don't you believe that Canadians are a cold, reserved people. Wait until your television set has brought the picture of them at the Grey Cup finals. I've never seen anything like it. Either football is having a tremendous effect on Canada or Canada is having a tremendous effect on football. Maybe it's a bit of both."

Regardless of the emotional temperament of Canadians, the telecasts almost certainly will raise the temperature of U.S. professional owners and advocates. Until this year the new war with Canada (first since 1812) was pretty much of a family affair. Now the National Football League must meet competition for the attention of U.S. TV-viewers from its own emigrants ("deserters") in the NFL word for them. If Lindsey Nelson is right, the Canadian game may make the U.S. variety seem a trifle slow. And, unless the owners hit oil, full of unfamiliar faces.



BIG-TIME STAR Johnny Mauer, 1930 Notre Dame quarterback, gets instructions from Stukas before scrimmage.



SMALL-TIME STAR Bob Levenhagen, Mauer's understudy, gets encouragement from Coach Stukas.

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BANNISTER continued from p. 2

challenger. In athletes, as in all men, this slow deterioration is known as arteriosclerotic change.

Bannister, through constant, punishing running to the point of collapse, had pushed his circulatory system to a maximum of efficiency, as far as supplying oxygen to his running muscles was concerned. The exercises recommended by Dr. Cureton extended this efficiency to the rest of his muscular structure. And it is at this point that Dr. Cureton's theories may become important not only for the would-be champion but for any man who feels his fitness going into a slow decline.

THE WILLING GUINEA PIG

The mystery of arteriosclerotic change lies, first, in its cause; and second, in the widely differing stages of life at which its effects are felt. It follows the active careers of some athletes in their twenties. In others it is postponed until their real old age.

To explore these mysteries, Dr. Cureton more than a decade ago began the systematic examination of hundreds of athletes, past and present, and the roster of those who have exhausted themselves in the course of his 138 tests reads like an all-stars Hall of Fame.

In the hundreds of tests which he gave to athletes over the years, one fact stood out: there was a distinct difference between the circulatory systems of athletes who, like Bannister, trained the year round, and those who limited their training to short, intensive bursts of "getting in shape" just before specific events. The obvious question was: were these men and women champions because their circulatory systems were better to begin with, thanks to inheritance or diet, or did their training and competition improve their circulation to far beyond the normal?

To find out, Dr. Cureton tested and recorded the circulatory systems of a number of athletes who had not had endurance training. Then he put them through several months of hard, comprehensive conditioning. When he tested them again, he found a marked improvement. Their blood vessels had dilated, their blood pressure had been reduced, and the ability of their hearts to supply oxygen to their muscles had greatly increased.

What was more, their general athletic ability had improved. Swimmer Jody Abelson had never won a national or Olympic title before entering Dr. Cureton's training program. After several months of endurance conditioning,



1936 OLYMPIC HERO Jess Owens runs all out on treadmill as Dr. Cureton, holding air hose, and aides collect exhaled

air and time the test. Although he still holds several world's records, Owens, now 34 pounds overweight, did badly on tests.

who not only won the national AAU 100-yard freestyle but also set a new world record for the event.

To Dr. Cureton it seemed clear from these experiments that a good or even superior circulatory system can be developed where only an average one existed before. More than that, the tests given former champions who had long since retired convinced Dr. Cureton that there was a direct relationship between endurance training, physical fitness, and the onset of the debilitating arteriosclerotic change.

NO "ATHLETIC HEARTS"

The records of the former athletes showed that those who remained active generally suffered the effects of arteriosclerotic change much later. Many had feared that too intensive a training schedule in their youth would harm them in middle age. There was—and is—a popular theory concerning "athlete's heart": that the heart is enlarged through grueling training in youth and grows fatty and weak when the strain lets up. Thus it becomes susceptible to failure or disease.

Not only Dr. Bannister and Cureton, but medical science generally, today rejects this. Last month the *Journal of the American Medical Association* stated in an editorial: "... exercise even when strenuous will not damage a normal heart."

Among Cureton's histories of champions of long ago are those of two former swimmers who dominated nation-

al competitions from 1901 to 1929. Both men were practically identical in age, height, weight and general physical condition. They lived, trained and swam about the same time. But after 1929, when they retired from active competition, their patterns soon began to differ radically.

One of the ex-champions gave up all athletic activity and kept his nose entirely to the grindstone of his business. He ate and drank heavily, gained 70 pounds in a short time, and developed a heart condition. One day in Chicago he had a heart attack and fell down dead. He was 42 years old.

The other of the two ex-stars kept up his swimming on a regular schedule. He stayed about the same weight, developed no heart ailments, and is alive and in top physical shape today. He is 44 years old.

In the last few years, Dr. Cureton has expanded his endurance training to include middle-aged men up to 60 years or more. Their program, naturally, is a milder one: a two-mile walk every day, sitting-up exercises of several different kinds, increasing gradually in exertion as they round into shape. "We have found," says Dr. Cureton, "that we can give all-out exercises to these men too, and not a single one of them has been hurt. Cardio-vascular ailments among the middle-aged would be almost negligible if such people would only exercise more and eat right. It's just a matter of human engineering."



NEW LOOK AT MARBLEHEAD

Race Week has changed with the times but is more fun than ever

by Robert N. Moxley Jr.

MARBLEHEAD Race Week, a yachting event of major importance for several generations, is wearing a new look. It is still an important fixture and continues to share with Longmont Race Week the prestige of drawing the biggest fleets ever assembled. Winning a class title at either "Week," however, is no longer the most sought-after yachting honor.

Paradoxically, it is the growth of yachting that has dimmed the luster of a Race Week triumph. Throughout the country countless other regattas have sprung up. The growth of one-design classes has resulted in the holding of national, world, Atlantic and Pacific Coast and Midwest championships as well as district competitions and many sailors would rather point for one of these contests than take the time to travel to Massachusetts for Marblehead Race Week.

SMALL FRY FESTIVAL

What Marblehead may have lost in national importance it has gained in fun. It retains all the tradition and still provides the thrills of a gigantic spectacle—there were 421 boats racing on opening day of this year's week. In lieu of the stately yachts of yesteryear the waters were dotted with hundreds of small fry. Aside from a dozen ocean racers competing in a special cruising class, the largest boats racing were the U.S. One Designs and the International One Designs, 27 and 33 feet respectively. The biggest fleets were in the 16½-foot Town Class (69 boats), the 24-foot International 1916 (48) and the day 16-foot Turnabouts in which 59 youthful skippers battled it out.

Some of the excitement at Marblehead was furnished by the weather. In midweek a squall hit part of the vast fleet. In a matter of seconds 15 boats capsized, numerous masts snapped and sails were ripped. Seventy boats failed to finish. In this moment of distress

the power-boat skippers, who often are roundly cursed by racing sailors for disturbing their wind or causing waves which slow them in a race, suddenly became last friends. The Coast Guard and the Marblehead Police Boat were on the spot pulling sailors out of the water and taking disabled boats in tow but they couldn't have managed without the help of scores of private power boats which rendered the same assistance. Partly because of this alert rescue work but even more because today's sailors have been well schooled in junior sailing classes on what to do in case of capsize (especially the importance of hanging on to overturned boats until rescue arrives), no one came close to drowning.

The defeat of the squall was only one of several triumphs. Race Week's most sought-after prize, the Leonard M. Fowle Memorial Trophy, went for the first time to a woman, Barbara

Bloomfield Wood of Frides Crossing, Mass., for her victory in the International Class in *Sigs*. Unable to race in one contest she still amassed enough points in the others, with three firsts, a second and a third, to take the title and the Fowle Trophy as well.

ONE FOR THE SOUND

Rodney Long of Mystic Lakes (near Winchester, Mass.) for the fourth straight year led the Snipes (about 20), winning not only the Race Week title but also the New England Snipe Championship which a Race Week victory in this class stands for. Owen Torrey Jr. of Long Island Sound topped the Stars in *Cypres* to win the Charles Francis Adams Trophy. Torrey won four of the seven races yet still was only one point up on Stan Ogilvy's *Flame*, another of the top Stars from Long Island Sound. These two were among the few sailors from outside the New England area who went to Marblehead this year.

In the huge 110-foot Robert and Stanley Nichols' *Kipper* became the first Marblehead boat to win since 1946. Their victory came the hard way. Riddled for a premature start in the last race, they later managed to pass all but three boats to place fourth and win the series.

The Lightning Class, one of the most popular and fastest growing in the country since its introduction in 1939, has been slow to catch on in Marblehead, but this year 30 of them raced. The winner was Dick Price's *Catal*.

Although everybody had fun at Marblehead (even those who were dunked during the squall), the happiest single skipper probably was Miss Polly Hogan, a home-towner. She was one of many junior sailors representing a dozen different yacht clubs. Competition in the junior events was close and it was a triumph for Polly, who is just 14, when she won the Turnabouts.



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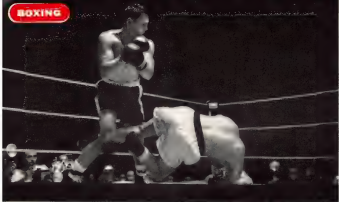
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KING IN THE COW PALACE

SAN FRANCISCO

LIKE Roger Bannister, Artillo Castellani is a well-conditioned, pleasant-mannered athlete capable of fast and long on stamina. But unlike the 3:58.8 mile runner, Castellani—the fast-fighter who challenged Bobo Olson for his middleweight championship of the world last Friday—runs backward.

It is very difficult, perhaps impossible to win a race—or a fight—by running backward, and for this reason Castellani ran a distinct second to Olson in their sporadically exciting contest in San Francisco's spacious Cow Palace.

The boys drew a crowd of 11,874 paying \$121,470 which sounds like a lot of people and a nice piece of change for a fight between two rather colorless performers, but Castellani's sponsor, Al Naiman of Cleveland, had guaranteed Olson and his cold-eyed manager, Sid Flaherty, \$125,000 to put the title on the line and he needed \$200,000 in the till plus the \$100,000 TV bundle to come out ahead. Fortunately Naiman is a millionaire construction man who took Castellani on as a hobby and set him up with a house and a life job a year ago. While his protégé was absorbing a systematic 16-round licking, Naiman was taking a financial beating to the tune of \$4,000 bucks, if you call that music. To their credit the fighter and the construction magnate

living a double life as a fight manager absorbed their punishment like gentlemen, reviewing the events of the evening calmly, almost cheerfully, and allowing as how they'd like to come back and do it all over again.

BUSINESSMAN BOBO

Olson hardly belongs in the same books with the champions who have made middleweight history from the original, "Nonpareil," Jack Dempsey, to Cerdan, but he left little doubt in our minds that he is the master of such as Castellani and his reign over current middleweights remains secure. He is busy, crafty, businesslike, and even when he was losing an occasional round on points he gave the impression of being in charge. He is constantly moving forward on his slightly crooked, unathletic-looking legs, often taking an ungainly little hop, almost a limp, in order to bring himself close enough to his adversary to score with his short, chopping punches that are nasty rather than lethal.

Tense and unsmiling, pale and red-nosed even before the fight, his is a forbidding and disconcerting visage as he moves steadily forward, his hands punching the air in a boxer's St. Vitus while he spurs and feints and vamps for an opening. With the candor of an amateur, Castellani had admitted to some uncertainty as to whether he

could take the measure of the unexpectedly clever champion and he clearly carried his doubts and hesitation into the ring with him, retreating at every opportunity and constantly looking toward his corner with apprehension. It wasn't fear that marred the challenger's performance so much as a deep-seated respect for the champion, something like that of a district manager resigned to the fact that no matter how hard he tries he will never be the equal of the regional superior. He can jab well and fire his right hand with authority and when he elects to lead and move forward he begins to look like the fighter his advance men have been claiming he is. But his chronic backpedaling and clinching give him away as a defensive and cautious boy.

Perhaps because he recognized his challenger's deficiencies, Olson was more aggressive than usual, setting a fast pace in the first round, chasing his slippery foe and punching with more abandon than is customary to his cagey, cat-and-mouse style. He seemed to be setting himself for harder punches and missing more than he did in his successful title defense against Gavilan. The pattern of the fight was clear, almost monotonously so after the first few rounds with Olson pressing and gilling up points with short, mean hooks which Castellani did his deadly best to check by embracing Olson



Middleweight Champion Bobo Olson remained cool, calm and collected \$125,000 for 15 rounds of evening work against Challenger Castellani in San Francisco

OLSON went down for three after tripping (left) but Castellani stayed on deck for nine, dizzy from a booming haymaker.

by BUDD SCHULBERG

with more desperation than affection, and cleaving to him like a three-armed lever until Referee Ray Flores belatedly pried them apart. The front-seaters who had paid \$30 for the privilege didn't seem to mind, but the gallery gods, insisting on their five dollars' worth, expressed their feelings in the rude but traditional way, shining in with Castellani's corner advisers to "Fight—go with him!" "Kick and throw the right!" "Lead!"

But there were moments of excitement, for Rocky would suddenly stand and fight, often when he was being cornered and crowded into the ropes and had to fight his way out in desperation. Then he would show the ability that seems to be imprisoned within his temperament, jabbing the champion off balance and cracking him in the head with a classic straight right hand. But it looked like another methodical Olson win until unexpectedly in the eleventh Castellani caught the champion with a right hook high on the side of the head. Bobo had one foot off the floor in an unclassical ballet position and his other leg was protruded around Castellani's. They both went down, Olson for an official knockdown, a three-count that excited the crowd and Mr. Naiman, who was on his feet begging his entry to "Wah! 'm off!"

But Bobo wasn't hurt so much as angry, and in the 12th round he hit

Castellani on the jaw so hard that the challenger's nickname became an apt description of his backward course around the ring. He was reeling and staggering and hanging on like a storm-tossed sailor, as Olson hit him at will and seemed almost certain to knock him out. The rocked and nearly racked-up Rocky called on a reserve of strength and gameness he had been hiding from the spectators in the earlier rounds and fought back spiritedly. Near the end of the round, though, he was the old Rocky San Francisco has been getting to know, grabbing and slipping away like some intimidated kid in a street fight trying to make a break for it and run for cover.

SUBSEQUENT JACK REARNS

From there to the final bell it became obvious that Olson had been closer to losing his title to that brassy, 32-year-old veteran Jack Rearns—Castellani's drum beater and minister without portfolio—during the morning's weigh-in than at any time during the fight itself. Olson had slouched in for the ceremony a half-pound over the middleweight limit. He was allowed to retreat and have the offending eight ounces rubbed off. But Rearns—who never fails to take advantage of a break—postured eloquently throughout the whole period that there could be but one weigh-in time, that Olson was

now a light-heavyweight and that the champion was already none other than Attila ("Rocky") Castellani. But Doc lost the decision and so did Rocky.

At the end, the officials went through the formality of unanimous agreement: Olson, winner and still the champion, decisively. This corner's scoreboard showed 83-78 for Bobo, or 10 rounds to two, with three rounds even. A relatively easy night for the Sweet from Kala.

After the fight Olson strolled away from the arena with Mrs. Olson on his arm, looking cool and collected (\$125,000)—almost exactly like an unimpressive, ordinary citizen who has just wound up his work for the evening and is going out to have a bite with his wife before going home to see the kids and take it easy. Once the decision was announced, in fact, he even had a word for his opponent.

"Good fight," Olson said in an outburst of gallantry when Castellani had come over to congratulate him on his victory. "I thought so too." Rocky responded politely. Later, soaking an injured left hand in a bucket of ice water and talking easily with reporters who sardined into the enlarged closet used as a dressing room, Castellani referred to the conversational exchange rather wistfully. "You know, I think that was the first time Olson ever talked to me," he said.

B.H.Wragge

shows the sports car look



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COLUMN OF THE WEEK

Los Angeles Times

PART I

ALL THE NEWS ALL THE TIME



Each week SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will reprint an outstanding sports column from a daily newspaper. The writer will receive a prize of \$100.



Columnist Dick Hyland, a great football player in his own day, takes a hard look at the masked faces of the modern stars and wonders what kind of mayhem is taking place on the professional gridiron.

So far as this reporter can find out the Los Angeles Rams are the first team in football history to provide every man on the squad with a face mask. And it is, so far as I am concerned, a pretty bad comment upon the officials and powers that be in modern football.

In yesteryear the game was rough enough, perhaps as rough legally as it is today. The only protection for your face was an awful-tasting rubber nose guard, the lower portion of which clamped between your teeth.

This was normally used only AFTER a nose had been belted. It was a dilly of a thing. You could not breathe through the belted mask and you could not breathe through your mouth with that rubber plug in it. Most players preferred to risk another whack on the tender nose rather than feel with that torture device.

Then came the iron bird cage, a contraption of steel attached to the helmet. It was and is pretty good protection for the wearer and it is almost lethal to play against. Opponents' faces have been chipped to ribbons by contacting the protruding framework.

With the development of plastics a third type of face mask was designed. It originated, I believe, in Texas prep-school circles, was picked up by Texas A & M and has been used locally by the Bruins when a break has been bent out of shape. It is lighter than the steel gadget and does not interfere with sight.

PROTECTION COMES FIRST

All of these masks were designed to protect injuries already sustained. Now come the Rams with the logical thought of protecting themselves BEFORE they are hurt.

Coach Hump Pool issued masks to the Rams hit their Redlands camp and they have been used in all scrimmages

and in two games the Rams have played as warm-ups. From tackle to tackle the linemen wear the iron bird cage; the ends and all backs wear the lighter plastic masks.

What has happened to the game of football that an entire team must wear steel and plastic masks to prevent their faces from being chopped up?

The answer is: Officials will not call rule infractions and rulemakers have let the game run away from them.

The vicious practice of belting an opponent ABOVE the shoulders with an elbow or forearm has become so normal a stunt officials are afraid to penalize the culprit, either in college ball or pro ball. More, some players wear hard pads on their forearms to give them more authority when they smash one into an opponent.

The rulemakers have permitted the equipment makers to come up with synthetic materials—helmets, for instance—that are hard as concrete and just as injurious when hit hard by a human body. These, in turn, have forced players to wear equally hard protective equipment or be sidelined NOT by an opponent but by his gear.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

17 Associated Press, 18 left, Bob Williams, Hal Berg, 19 right, Eugene Smith, Everett, 20 right, the United Press, 21 right, Frank Lautner, 22 right, M. J. Murphy, 23 left, M. J. Murphy, 24 right, M. J. Murphy, 25 right, M. J. Murphy, 26 right, M. J. Murphy, 27 right, M. J. Murphy, 28 right, M. J. Murphy, 29 right, M. J. Murphy, 30 right, M. J. Murphy, 31 right, M. J. Murphy, 32 right, M. J. Murphy, 33 right, M. J. Murphy, 34 right, M. J. Murphy, 35 right, M. J. Murphy, 36 right, M. J. Murphy, 37 right, M. J. Murphy, 38 right, M. J. Murphy, 39 right, M. J. Murphy, 40 right, M. J. Murphy, 41 right, M. J. Murphy, 42 right, M. J. Murphy, 43 right, M. J. Murphy, 44 right, M. J. Murphy, 45 right, M. J. Murphy, 46 right, M. J. Murphy, 47 right, M. J. Murphy, 48 right, M. J. Murphy, 49 right, M. J. Murphy, 50 right, M. J. Murphy, 51 right, M. J. Murphy, 52 right, M. J. Murphy, 53 right, M. J. Murphy, 54 right, M. J. Murphy, 55 right, M. J. Murphy, 56 right, M. J. Murphy, 57 right, M. J. 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THE JOCKEY IS A PEACOCK IN THE

ALL the color of thoroughbred racing is caught in the silks that surround jockeys Al Widman and Robert DeStefano (right) on a paddock bench at Saratoga. Few of the racing colors shown here are more than a generation old, but many are rich in turf tradition. The polka dots (top row) of Belair Stud were carried by three Kentucky Derby winners—Gallop Fox, Omaha and Johnstown. The King Ranch running W brand appeared on two others: Assault and Middleguard. Widman wears Mrs. Russell A. Firestone's white and green; DeStefano, the famous blue cashes of Brookmeade Farm.



SCOTTY RILES, wearing the colors of P. Arbeno Clark, takes a drink from water pump at Saratoga.



RACING COLORS on scene belong to: (from top left) David Shaw, Belair Stud, Mrs. Ethel Jacobs, E. W. Ferguson, George D. Widener, Eldorado Biber, Valley Farm, E. K. Bryson, Robert Green; (bottom) King Ranch, C. V. Whitner, Mrs. Eugene Dixon Jr., George Bestwick, A. G. Vanderbilt, Greenview Stable, Mrs. Angelina Frim.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD MERRICK

WORLD OF SPORT

He wears his crazy quilt of colors more for identification than for decoration. Whether he is coming or going, racing fans have no doubt which one of the 2,525 registered stables he represents



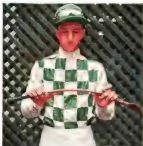
Many racing silks reflect their owners' eccentricities. Mrs. Rachel Dodge Sloan chose blue for the cross sashes of Brookmeade Farm, always wears a bit of blue herself. Angelina Peluso's silks bear the frangipani of her band-leader son Louis.



TED ATKINSON, in Brookmeade Farm colors, talks with gambler judge Walter Marx near close of jockey room at Saratoga. Such sashes must be four inches wide.



AL STEFFEN, wearing the bold stars and heavy B of the Joseph W. Brown stable, scans form charts in the *Morning Telegraph* between races at Saratoga.



BENNY GREEN wears checkerboard silks of Mrs. E. Barry Ryan's stable. Black and yellow checks were famous when raced by Cherkat Club Co. owner John D. Hertz.



DAVE GORMAN, in tri-colored silks of Edmund F. Blum, takes post position number, which he will wear on right arm. Blum's barn and race boxes mark silks.



THE BOSTON BAKER'S BARGAIN

Ernard King wins the American Derby to keep the three-year-olds mixed up

by ALBION HUGHES

Chicago, Ill.

ERNARD KING's victory in the American Derby at Washington Park Saturday over High Gun, winner of the Belmont, and Hasty Road, the Preakness winner, has only further confused the three-year-old situation.

The bargain colt, bought for some \$7,000, has now won better than \$200,000 for his owner, Joseph, the Boston Baker, Gavegnano. In Saturday's race Sammy Boulmetis gave him a perfect ride and succeeded in eating him—not an easy thing with a front-running colt. But Earnard King this time turned on his burst of speed at just the right moment to pass the pace-setting Hasty

Road and then hold off High Gun for a two-length victory. He returned \$10.20 as third choice in the betting.

The stretch at Washington is the longest in the country. Aqueduct's claims notwithstanding. But Boulmetis didn't doubt it at all as he searched for the finish line. "Boy, that's a long, long stretch," he commented afterward. "I was looking for the wire a while before I got there."

In winning both of Chicago's big races, the Arlington Classic and the Derby, three-year-old Earnard King follows in the tradition of such horses as Mark Ye Well, Hall of Fame and Native Dancer and thus becomes the

fourth colt in as many years to tack away both events. If horses like Chicago, they love it.

When you say Derby to most people the automatic word association is Kentucky. But the American Derby has tradition in its own right. It dates back to 1884 when the track opened with General Phil Sheridan of Civil War fame as president. First Derby winner was Ed Corrigan's Modesty, ridden by the great Negro jockey Isaac Murphy, the Earl Sands of his day. In the same year Murphy also rode the Kentucky Derby winner, Buchanan. Winner's share of the purse in Chicago was \$10,700. In Kentucky it amounted to a mere \$3,000.

Back in 1926, in the middle of the first golden age of sports, Boot to Boot, ridden by Albert Johnson, won \$69,000. Johnson also rode the Kentucky Derby winner of that year, Babbling Oats. The winner's purse at Louisville was \$50,075. So the Chicago race has not only been colorful through the years but it usually had dollar signs all over it.

Another bit of racing folklore stems from this race. In 1893 "Snapper" Garrison, who made the "Garrison finish" part of the language, managed to wear down all other contenders with a series of some 35 false starts. Result: he brought his mount, Boundless, home to an enormous 348,500 victory. He was a hero in '93. Today he'd be set down for life.

While Joseph Gavegnano was watching Earnard King beat the field his favored entry of Night Baker and Coastal Light was defeated in the Venture, Atlantic City's \$37,025 barl race. Pumpkin Vine, a \$750 bargain colt belonging to G. S. Howell, showed the same relish for the grass as his daddy Vineland. Earlier this summer this then unknown colt beat Earnard King on dirt at Monmouth Park in the Choice Stakes. Pumpkin Vine has won \$24,925 in 10 starts. When bought, it was with the understanding that if he didn't win out his price of \$750 it would be refunded.

FIRST 'KNOCK-OFF'

In the garment industry a "knock-off" is a copy of an established hit. Here are three knock-offs—jockey shirts by Joan Walker of Bellino's who first saw Richard Mink's hit jockey picture in a reproduction trial dummy of Sports Illustrated. They're made for partying, are of satin, cost about \$12.95.





OVERFLOWING CUP

Canada's tournament is becoming a sort of Olympic Games of golf

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

LAVAL-SUR-LE-LAC is a charming village of fieldstone houses, poplars and maples, and gardens abloom with petunias, which lies about 20 miles from downtown Montreal. It is also the site of the lovely meadowland course of the Laval-sur-le-Lac Golf Club.

By the club's own regulation, 40% of its members are French-speaking Canadians. The atmosphere is pungently Gallic: the food is so good it is cuisine, the women of all ages have a come-hither that isn't stereotyped, the score card is entirely in French, and on the first tee a sign admonishes you that "*Les femmes sont priées de rester tranquilles par leurs activités*"—nothing more or less than our old friend "Replace your divots."

A COMING CLASSIC

It was in this setting, so eloquent of golf's conquest of people who are supposed to be able to take the game or leave it alone in favor of more traditional pastimes, that the second annual Canada Cup matches took place last week. It is an event which, with the proper handling, can develop into one of the great sports classics of our time. In two short years the tournament has become a sort of an Olympic Games of golf. Each country that enters sends two of its crack professionals, the winner being the two-man team which turns in the lowest combined medal score for the 72 holes of play.

Last year, when teams from eight countries took part in the inaugural match, Argentina, represented by Roberto De Vicenzo and Antonio Corda, won. It was a definite surprise inasmuch as an American team (Julian Borron and Jim Torrance) was entered, but the match was generally written off as a long-ought-golf weekend. The Argentine victory was dismissed by most American golfers with the comment

which has become par for the course after any sports event which the superior team happens to lose: "It's a good thing for the game."

Apparently it was. This year teams from 35 nations participated, and the tournament caught fire far beyond the expectations of its sponsor, the International Golf Association, a new international grips-across-the-ocean organization which is headed up by John Jay Hopkins, the American-Canadian industrialist. Jimmy Demaret and Sam Snead came up to represent the United States. It is no reflection on them to say they looked forward to a brief vacation in pleasant surroundings and to an easy victory. On the first round Jimmy and Sam were paired with two nobodies from the Philippines, Larry Montes and Celestino Tagat. Tagat, a thin-armed young man with skin like teakwood, outdrive Demaret consistently and outscored Snead 71 to 74. What was more to the point, Snead and Demaret's total placed them seven shots behind the leaders, Peter Thomson and Kelvin Nagle of Australia, and they suddenly realized that they were in a real tournament which they could easily lose unless they shot their very best stuff—and even then, could still lose.

THE GOING AMERICANS

By the end of the third round Snead and Demaret had succeeded in closing the gap between themselves and the Australians to two shots, but on the pay-off round the Australians pulled far away on the strength of a 65 by Nagle and a 66 by Thomson that could easily have been several strokes lower. Actually, the American team finished third, nine strokes behind the Australians and five behind the Argentines, proof indeed that the golf world is changing. There are at least a couple of fine golfers in almost every country

now, and there are days when Peter Thomson is the best golfer in the world.

But above and beyond the tournament itself, there was a wonderful feeling in the air at Laval-sur-le-Lac that warmed the heart of every man who thinks of golf as an authentic international language. You felt it down on the practice fairway as strongly as anywhere. At the far side, warming up with his short irons, was Piet Witte, a white-haired Dutchman who has been a pro for 24 years. Feasting next to Witte was Mario Gonzalez, a lean Brazilian. Then Mr. A. D. ("Bobby") Locke, the old internationalist from South Africa, whose physique is now beginning to take on a global contour; Flory Van Donck, the tall, swarthy Belgian; Nauman Aly from Egypt, in a pork-pie hat; Dai Rees from Wales, a superb striker of the ball. Next to Rees were the two Filipinos, Montes and Tagat. Tagat has a lengthy, American-type swing. He acquired it by taking Bobby Jones's book, *Down the Fairway*, onto the practice tee, placing it so the illustrations faced up, and checking his form with Jones's after each shot. Next to Tagat were Robert Laas from Switzerland and Georg Beumer from Germany with his old J.H. Taylor putter.

All of them can appreciate a good golf shot and a good guy when they see one.

ANNIVERSARY



YANKEE CHALLENGE

Led by Tommy Hitchcock, Jr., a team of Americans played England's Hurlingham Club in the first international golf match at Newport, R.I. 48 years ago this week. Since golf had been played in the U.S. for only 10 years, the American challenge surprised but did not dismay the English club. The Brits were accepted, determined to teach the cheery Americans a lesson. They did. Hurlingham won the first match 16-4, the second 14-2, to sweep the series and send the challengers back to the practice fields.

YOU SHOULD KNOW:

If you are about to take up golf

A humbling game

GOLF is one of those games that can drive you either to the peak of supreme enjoyment or the depths of indescribable frustration. You may ride on the clouds after a booming drive that sails more than 200 yards straight down the middle. Chances are, though, if you ever get to be an average golfer, those moments of ecstasy will be balanced by the anguish of watching a flubbed shot scamper erratically into an impenetrable thicket. It's that kind of game. But, strangely enough, it adds up to pleasure. You're not crazy for taking it up. You've got lots of company. There are five million golfers in the U.S. today, and if you can score lower than 110 for 18 holes you're better than half of them.

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Where to play

There are 5,656 golf courses (give or take a course) in the country. 3,029 of them private membership clubs. The others are open to the public for fees ranging from 50¢ to \$5 and sometimes more.

• • •

The course

A golf course consists of nine or 18 holes. These holes are rated as three, four or five pars depending on their length and are calibrated to the number of shots an expert golfer should take to get the ball into the hole, including two putts. In general, the length of par-3 holes ranges up to 250 yards, par-4s from 250 to 450 and par-5s 450 and over. The area from which the first shot is made is called the tee. At the other end of the hole is a grass area mowed tight so the ball can be rolled into the hole. This is the green, about 60 feet in diameter. The hole can be located in any spot on the green. The intervening well-tended area, 35 to 60 yards wide, is the fairway along which you should play to the hole. It is bordered by less well-kept ground called the rough and studded with pockets of sand called bunkers or traps, especially around the green.

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Weapons

These are your clubs, 14 if you wish to carry the legal limit but 10 to 12 if you're an average golfer. Seven will do nicely for the beginner: two woods (a driver or brassie for tee shots and number three wood for fairway shots), four irons (a recommended selection for a wide range of shots would be numbers three, five, seven and nine) and the putter. The "faces" of the irons have graduated degrees of loft, the higher the loft the less the possible distance. Your putter is a straight bladed iron for rolling the ball into the hole once you're on the green.

• • •

How to buy them

The basic seven club outfit sells from \$40 to \$135. A good average set is about \$70. Spalding, Wilson, MacGregor, Kroyden, Federax and Hillbeich & Bradsley are leading club makers, though there are many good independents. These companies also make lighter weight sets with shorter shafts for women. The right clubs for you depend on build and co-ordination. The flexible shaft helps older persons not blessed with natural timing. Stiffer shafts give greater distance if handled properly but more degree of error if used improperly. These are usually for the strong athletic type with powerful wrists and arms. In any event, consult a club pro. He can best judge the proper clubs for you.

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On the green

The putter is a club apart from your other irons just as the putting stroke is apart from the rest of your shots. Putter come in all sizes, shapes and weights because techniques are so individual. Pick one that suits you and stick to it. If it feels comfortable, it's the right one for your game.

YOU SHOULD KNOW continued

Balls

Balls range in price from 50¢ to \$1.25 and are of two basic types—the thin-cover ball for greater distance and the tough-cover ball which will cut less easily but fly a few yards shorter. The former has slightly higher compression. Tough-cover balls are best by far for beginners, who will do well to buy inexpensive balls to start with as you'll lose a good many at first. Acushnet, Spalding, Wilson, MacGregor, Dunlop, Worthington and U.S. Rubber are leading golf ball manufacturers.

* * *

Clothes

Comfort is the main thing in golfing attire. Clothes should provide freedom of movement. Shirts should have extra room under the arms to allow for a free swing. Cotton absorbent shirts are preferred. Bermuda length shorts are popular and comfortable. On sunny days wear a hat for protection with a visor to cut down glare. Collars use heavy socks, preferably all wool, to absorb perspiration. Spiked golf shoes or shoes with toggled rubber soles are almost a must. They provide necessary firm footing for correct stance on uphill, downhill or sidehill shots.

* * *

Pace

Before teeing up for the first time, get some golf experience at first hand by walking around the course with friends who are experienced golfers. Watch what they do. You'll see what clubs they use in each situation and you'll learn golf etiquette, which is quite precise. Always play it safe. Never hit while there is a chance of your ball striking someone. And, for your own protection, don't play in an electrical storm. Your club shafts will conduct lightning. Take shelter but not, please, under a tree.

* * *

Lessons

These are essential to the beginner. Learn the right way to start with or you risk picking up bad habits that will be hard to cure later on. Lessons will make the game more enjoyable for you, though they will cost you about \$4 a half hour for private instruction. Group lessons are offered by many pros and will save pocketbook strain. Every major city has indoor golf studios where instruction by competent pros is available on your lunch hour.

* * *

Books

No one book is the best. We can't recommend reading for you, but many golfers have been helped by the following four: *How to Play Golf* by Sam Snead (Garden City, \$2.50); *Power Golf* by Ben Hogan (Barnes, \$3); *How to Play Your Best Golf All the Time* by Tommy Armour (Simon & Schuster, \$2.95); and *Enjoy Your Golf* by Leeland Gustavson (Harcourt Brace & Co., \$2.95). Pick one and read it. You may get some help.

* * *

Caddies

Caddies are expensive these days but can make golf more enjoyable, if you can afford them, by carrying your bag and suggesting which club to use for a particular shot. A good caddy knows his course thoroughly and can give you good advice. Ask the advice of a regular player about how much to tip. If caddies are too steep for you, golf carts are available on which to carry your clubs. You can buy one for \$18 to \$60 and many courses have them for rent.

* * *

Your attitude

Most who have played it agree that golf is a humbling game. It requires more practice and more precise self-control than virtually any other sport. But your practicing should be done on practice fairways. Once you're on the course, don't fritter around and experiment. Get up and hit the ball. It's easy to be theoretical about golf, but you do so at your own risk. Just remember it's a game for fun, probably the best outdoor game for all ages ever invented. Happy hitting!

by The Know-It-All



SCOREBOARD

A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Donald Healey**, 68-year-old English auto designer, drove streamlined, supercharged Austin-Healey of his own design to world record for sports cars, then added five American and four international marks for class D cars over Bonneville Plate of Utah. Healey's world record: 194.62 mph for a measured mile.

● In other Bonneville speed runs, Captain **George E. V. Squire**, 51, also of Great Britain, drove his streamlined and souped-up MG to 17 American and International Class records, including average of 128.87 mph over a 12-hour stretch.

● **Don Miles** of Los Angeles, who drove three-hour solid shifts for Captain Elyson, set world record of his own by pushing production-model MG at average speed of 153.69 mph over two-mile course, raising old mark by 13.86 mph.

● **Francis Goss**, owned by Hayes Fair Ace Stables of DuQuoin, Ill., notched 1 1/16 miles in 2:10 1/5 at Roosevelt Raceway to break own world record by 1/5 second. Winner's purse of \$7,500 increased his lifetime earnings to \$314,173.96, a record for trotters and only \$4,618.66 short of *Good Times*' record for all harness drivers.

● **Jack Crumsholtz**, 33, of Golden Gate Casting Club, set new world mount fly-casting records with single cast of 194 ft. and three-cast average of 194 1/3 ft. during national championships at Long Beach, Calif.

● **Arviden Bryner** of Murray, whose 1,000-meter running record of 3:26.4 set last September was not recognized by International Amateur Athletic Union, ran a better one—3:19.3—at Gadea, Sweden. Old official record: 3:24.6, by *Man Westford* of U.S.

● **Shunichi Minami**, 15, of Japan, held world basketball record by 6-10 seconds with a winning time of 1:10.8 during an international meet in Osaka.

● **Harvey Whitford** of Bolton Landing, N.Y., broke world water-ski jumping record with leap of 999 feet at Spedden, N.J.

HORSE RACING

BARATONA UPSETS—Alfred Vanderbilt's *Neelie DeForest* was gallantly retired after a workout in which he showed incipient barnstormer. The great gray, winner of 21 of his 22 races, will go to stud next year at Vanderbilt's Sagamore Farm in Maryland.

BARBAROUS—Joseph Gervase's three-year-old *Brard King*, who was bought for \$2,400 as a yearling, was American Derby and \$69,899 at Washington Park, Chicago. In beating High Gun, winner of Belmont Stakes, and Marty Road, winner of Freshman, he raised track earnings to \$217,875.

● **George S. Stowell's** *Pauline Vint*, whose owner picked him up for \$750 because a trainer decided "they haven't written a race cheap enough for him to win," was \$53,823 *Venture Handicap* at Atlantic City, but now returned \$45,000 to his owner.

SARATOGA UPSETS—Alfred Vanderbilt's *Neelie DeForest*, only entry for his stable after *Neelie Gasser* was withdrawn two days before the race, upset C. V. Whitney's *Fishermen* by a convincing 2 1/2 lengths in mile-and-a-quarter Whitney Stakes at Saratoga.

● The Whitney stables, which have been winning everything in sight at Saratoga, had another defeat when *Pyramus*, their much-talked-about two-year-old, was beaten by *Belair Stud's* *Wishes* in Grand Union Hotel Stakes for juveniles.

HARNESS RACING—J. E. Turner's power, *Adrian Nap*, tying with a quarter crack in right front lead, broke stride but recovered in time to beat half brother, *Adrian Harry*, by a length in *Yorkshire Derby*. Time for one-mile race: 2:30 1/4, a track record for three-year-olds.

BASEBALL

THE LEADERS—The New York Yankees, always hard to beat in final third of season, ran up 10-game winning streak before they were stopped by Boston Red Sox. For once, it wasn't enough. *Cleveland Indians* put together streak of their own (nine straight), then added another three while Yankees dropped two more to Boston. The standings at week's end: *Cleveland* in first place, 836 games ahead of New York.

In National League, *New York Giants* pulled themselves together after disastrous series with second-place *Brooklyn Dodgers*, won six straight and climbed back to comfortable 4-game first place margin.

PROS—*Stan Musial* of St. Louis Cardinals made his annual rush at National League batting title. With 12 hits in 25 times at bat, he closed in on *Brooklyn's* *Babe Ruthier*, ahead bare point away from the leadership *Dodger* outfielder has held since June 11.

● *Charles Wilson* of Chicago White Sox went after American League pitchers with more gusto and achieved virtually same result. After 12 hits in seven games, he was only one point away from the leader, *Red Horne* of Yankees.

JUNIOR PROS—*Andy Muth*, 16, pitched *Stanford, Conn.*, team to its third straight *Babe Ruth League* (age 13-15) title in Washington, D.C., with a 2-0 shutout over *Jackson, Tenn.* It was fourth personal triumph for Muth, pitcher in past two *Babe Ruth Series*, and hero of the *Stanford Little League* victory in 1944.

FOOTBALL

OUT—*Earle Lamborn*, head coach of the professional Washington Redskins, was replaced by his old coach Joe Kuharich after a sharp argument with Washington owner George Preston Marshall.

AUTO RACING

ONE-TWO—*Juan Manuel Fangio*, Argentina's world-champion racing driver, took his Mercedes into lead in first lap of Swiss Grand Prix, held it to the end of 66-lap grind at Bern. Secured by less than lap in his Ferrari *José Froilan González*, Fangio's countryman and perennial Grand Prix rival.

BOXING

TITLE BATTLES—*Bobo Olson*, unbacked by surprise knockdown in 11th round, successfully defended middleweight championship with 10-round decision over *Rosko Cashman* of Cleveland at the Cow Palace in San Francisco.

● *Los Legioneros* of the Philippines knocked out *Jake Tuli*, South Africa, in ninth round of scheduled 10-round flyweight elimination at Manila. The knockout qualified *Rapason* for match with *Tony Campa*, also of the Philippines, winner to meet *Champion Yashin Shiral* for title this December.

KICKS' WORK—*Wally Pieg*, 31, former world featherweight champion, was unanimously 10-round decision over *Titi LeBlanc* at Montclair, New Brunswick. It was 18th victory in 196-bout career for Pieg, who first held title in 1942.

BICYCLE RACING

KEN REMONER—*London Babes*, twice winner of 25-day Tour de France, added world professional road-racing championship by outstripping *Peter Schme* of Switzerland by 26 yards after a rain-soaked 100-mile grind around Solingen, Germany. Winning time: 4:27 17.

● Day before, *Ernie Van Cester* of Belgium, who could do no better than eighth last year, averaged 33.3 mph over a 99.3-mile course to take world amateur title. Runner-up: *Hans Andersen* of Denmark.

SWIMMING

SEVENTH—*Gaston Gode* of Montebell, N.J. Youth Club, took first and third on final day at Baltimore to wrap up his sixth International Panpaic club championship in six tries. Runner-up in five-year series: *Billy Swann*, 14, of New Orleans.

TENNIS

BACK HOME—The U.S. Davis Cup team of *Vic Seixas* and *Tony Trabert* beat their rivals from Australia—*Ken Rosewall* and *Les Hoad*—3-6, 6-4, 3-6, 4-3 in the finale of the National Doubles tournament at Brooklyn, Mass. It was the first victory for a U.S. pair in the National Men's Doubles since 1941.

● *Stanley Fay* of Akron, Ohio, and *Wesley Hart* of Coral Gables, Fla., won their fourth consecutive women's title by straight-settling 6-4, 4-6 *Louise Brough* of Beverly

Hills, Calif., and Margaret DaFrest of Wilmington, Del.

WIMBLEDON

FOR SPORTS FANS—Joaoquin Baptista Pereira of Portugal, playing part in heaven, won English Channel race by covering 21 miles from Cape Gris Nez, France to Folkestone, England in 12 hours 35 minutes. Eight of 14 other entrants failed to finish.

HOCKEY

SWEDEN—and also 16-year-old National Hockey League veteran, was replaced as coach of the last-place Chicago Black Hawks by Frank Libbitt, 35, coach last year of the champion Buffalo Braves of the American Hockey League.

RIFLESHY

SITUATION NORMAL—Marine 1st Lt. Gerald Tyson of San Diego won the match title and Chief Warrant Officer T. R. Carpenter of Escondido, Calif., another Marine, won the service rifle division of the National High-Power Rifle championships at Camp Perry, Ohio. Their identical scores—623 out of a possible 650 points—kept the championships in the Marine Corps for the third consecutive year.

GOLF

PAUL PETERSON—Doug Ford of Kinnelon Lake, N.Y. shot 18-under-par 279 to win the Ft. Wayne Open. Runner-up with a 92 in final round: Mike Savashak of Durham, N.C.

Peter Thomson, 33-year-old British Open champion, shot a 66 in final round at Montreal to lead Australia to Canada Cup with aggregate score of 598. Runner-up: Argentina—590, United States—585.

Harold Ward Jr. of San Francisco, age down in the morning round, came back strong to beat Bill Campbell of Huntington, N.Y. by one and four for Canadian Amateur championship.

MILEPOSTS

BOOM—To its 10th season, outfielder for New York Yankees and Max Mullen, a three-point ace-cannon boy, named James Irving.

DIED—John Arthur Green, 62, leading English horse owner in 1931 and chairman of whistley firm of John Dewar and Sons at Montevideo in Italy. His finest horse: Caraculian, winner of Two Thousand Guineas and Epsom Derby in 1931.

DIED—Samuel Shoup, 46, a founder of the Cleveland Browns professional football team and president of the American Division of the National Football League in Cleveland after a long illness.

SAATCHI—28 track and field records including John Landy's 3:58 mile and five marks by Karl Storzak of Czechoslovakia for distances from 5,000 to 25,000 meters by International Amateur Athletic Union.

BASEBALL (Major League) Week ending August 27

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W	L	Win %	Runs	ER	ERA
1. DET.	8-4	1-1	.889	44-24	2-4	1.9
2. SEA.	7-4	1-1	.875	44-24	2-4	1.9
3. MIN.	6-2	1-1	.857	33-14	0-1	0.4
4. CHL.	6-1	1-1	.857	33-14	0-1	0.4
5. DET.	5-2	1-1	.833	33-14	0-1	0.4
6. DET.	4-2	1-1	.800	33-14	0-1	0.4
7. DET.	3-2	1-1	.769	33-14	0-1	0.4
8. DET.	2-2	1-1	.667	33-14	0-1	0.4
9. DET.	1-2	1-1	.500	33-14	0-1	0.4
10. DET.	0-2	1-1	.333	33-14	0-1	0.4

LEAGUES

DET.—Detroit, Mich., 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 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COMING EVENTS

● TELEvised EVENTS: ALL TIMES GIVEN ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

August 27 through September 2

FRIDAY, AUGUST 27

Baseball

Little League (under 12) World Series final, Williamsport, Pa.

Boxing

Bill Gilliam vs. Mike Tex Heff, heavyweights, Berlin (10 rds.).

Football

Detroit Lions vs. Washington Redskins (radio-tele), Detroit, 8 p.m.
Los Angeles Rams vs. Cleveland Browns (radio-tele), Los Angeles, 8:20 p.m. P.D.T.

Horse Racing

Saratoga Cup, \$11,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-old up, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28

Auto Racing

MANCER Grand Nat. 100-m. race, Raleigh Speedway, N.C.

Boxing

● Paddy Young vs. Joe Taylor, middleweights, New Memorial Auditorium, Syracuse, N.Y. (10 rds.), 9 p.m. (ABC)
Sandy Saddler vs. Barb Dorr, featherweights, (one-fife), Caracas, Venezuela (10 rds.).

Football

Philadelphia Eagles vs. Chicago Bears (radio-tele), Little Rock, Ark., 8:30 p.m. C.D.T.
Pittsburgh Steelers vs. Green Bay Packers (radio-tele), Pittsburgh, 8:30 p.m.
● Toronto Argonauts vs. Ottawa Rough Riders, Toronto (radio-tele), Big Four Union, 8 p.m. (CBC)
Hamilton Tiger-Cats vs. Montreal Alouettes, Hamilton, Ont. (radio-tele), Big Four Union
Vancouver Lions vs. Winnipeg Blue Bombers, Vancouver (Western International Union).

Golf

U.S. Men's Amateur final, Country Club of Detroit, Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.

Horse Racing

Manawald Handicap, \$30,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-old up, Washington Pa. (non-event, 11)

● Hoped Stakes, \$20,000, 9/16 1/2, 2-yr.-old, Saratoga Springs, N.Y., 3 p.m. (CBS)

Long America Stakes, \$20,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-old fillies, Atlantic City, N.J.

Del Mar Derby, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-old, Del Mar, Calif.

Randall Park Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-old up, Randall Pa., Ohio.

Motorboating

Great Stock Outboard championships, Fox River, De Pere, Wis.

Motorcycling

Natl. 15-m. dirt track championships, Wisconsin State Fair Grounds, Milwaukee.

Softball

Natl. softball championships, Salinas, Calif.

Tennis

U.S. Amateur singles & mixed doubles, West Side T.C., Forest Hills, N.Y.

Harvey Bond Invitational finals, Madison C.C., Glen Cove, N.Y.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 29

Auto Racing

AAA 200-m. big car race, Milwaukee.

Boxing

U.S. 79-m. all-around championship, Lake Mequon-Sauk, West Bend, N.J.

Football

San Francisco 49ers vs. Chicago Cardinals (radio-tele), San Francisco, 2 p.m. P.D.T.

Fair

Natl. 35-pool tournament, Milwaukee.

Swimming

Natl. Swimmers Rifle championships, Camp Perry, Ohio.

MONDAY, AUGUST 30

Auto Racing

Natl. Hot Rod Speed Trials, Bonneville, Utah.

Boxing

● Bob Satterfield vs. Frankie Daniels, heavyweights, St. Nicholas Arena, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (De Moe)

● Chas. Chastanow vs. Johnny Lombardo, welterweights, Eastern Pkwy, Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC)

Horse Racing

Agoodall Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-old up, Agoodall, L.I.

Swimming

Natl. Jr. championships, Bessie Cox, Madison Bay P.E., Holland, Mich.

Swimming

Natl. Skatol championships, Waterford, Mich.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 31

Boxing

U.S. Atlantic Taca Tournament, Ford Jodit, Manassas, Va.

Boxing

North American women's championship, Riverside, Ohio

U.S. vs. Canada, Y-flyer team race, Toronto.

Swimming

Canadian championships, Toronto, Ont. Twenty-three countries entered.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1

Baseball

Little Army tournament, Camp Carson, Colorado Springs, Col.

U.S. American Legion play-offs, Yakima, Wash.

Boxing

● Ed Gowan vs. Johnny Sexton, Jr. welterweight title, Casino Club Stadium, Philadelphia (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS)

Football

Pittsburgh Steelers vs. Philadelphia Eagles (radio-tele), Rochester, N.Y., 8 p.m.

Horse Racing

Cardinal Farm Stakes (Grand Circuit), \$30,000, 2-yr.-old brood, De Quon, Ill.

Horse Racing

Beaverly Handicap, \$25,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-old up, Washington Pa. (non-event, 11)

Parkway Handicap, \$20,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-old up, Atlantic City, N.J.

Swimming

Annual sea-shot catalogue hunt, Lander, Wyo.

Swimming

Natl. Lightning Class regatta, Detroit.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

Golf

U.S. vs. England, Curtis Cup, Merion C.C., Pa.

Horse Racing

McPherson Memorial Stakes (Grand Circuit), \$20,000, 2-yr.-old peers, De Quon, Ill.

IF YOU SUFFER PAIN of HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS

FAST RELIEF with **ANACIN**



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INGROWN NAIL Hurting You? Immediate Relief!



A new type of oil (3-in-One) helps loosen ingrown nails from the nail bed. It penetrates the nail, softens the nail so it can be cut, and then protects the nail and skin from infection. It's available in all drug stores.

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- No Brush Needed
- No Greasy Cream
- 3-Second Shave
- Contains Soothing Lotion

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"3-IN-ONE" OIL



SPORTS

THE GREAT NEW SPORTING CENTER FOR YOUR LEISURE LIFE

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

KEY TO SYMBOLS

SO—season opened (or opened); SC—season closed (or closed); BV—season varies by date or water; C—clear water, D—dirty water or rocky; M—muddy water; N—water at normal height; NH—slightly high; H—high; TH—very high; L—low; B—bing; F—flood; WTR—water temperature 50°; FG—fishing good; FF—fishing fair; FP—fishing poor; OGI—outlet; good; OP—outlet poor.



A digest of last-minute reports from fishermen and other reliable sources

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

BOREAS, NEW YORK: Portal is open and WT 65. 42 on Esopus last few fish morning; 50 on Branch of Au Sable S. C. FG; last few fish above 50°-55° Sept. 12.

CALIFORNIA: Most streams, lakes and reservoirs below normal level; Gratieland L. C. FF with R. 100; Colorado River (Glenwood area) N. 100, R. 100; Yampa and Snake rivers (Glenwood area) N. 100, R. 100; Three Island, New York and North (Lake N. FG, OH); Colorado and Fraser rivers (Glenwood area) producing well in opening on the left or right; but 50°; Boulder and Laramie rivers (Fort Collins area) L. 100, OH; Green Mountain Reservoir (Middle Park area) running; PG with last few fish and trailing.

CALIFORNIA: Fishing traps open on right slope of Nevada and California. Clear water and Colorado lakes (Lake N. 100, R. 100); Trout Lake near Nevada line L. C. 100; Alameda Lake and Shasta lakes picking up as weather cools.

MAINE: Cool summer and high water expected to advance trout season about two-three weeks; OG for stream lake fishing next fortnight.

SMALLMOUTH BASIN, NEW YORK: Adirondack Reservoir producing a few bass on five bait fish; deep; OG after first frost; FG in Cape Vincent area and OG for Cayuga-Albany Bay waters in earlier week.

VERMONT: PG along entire portion of the Sacandaga but only fair in Williamsport area; PG in Jordan River; Connecticut Creek with fishing traps in sight during low water; state's clean-water program out on all in fish are being caught from end bank of the Sacandaga about Hartsburg for first time in many years; Adirondack River low but PG for small bass; Pymouth Reservoir open, UP.

VERMONT: Lower Bay Pymouth really for fishing last week but should be clear now unless more rainfall; PG on upper Champlain which stage L. C. despite several cuts; bass sitting large black bass, river run, last few days.

MICHIGAN: Michigan: Many areas closed or most closed with no reports of large fish last week; one action reported from Lake and Cedar lakes (Pike County); Wabash and Riley (Pike County); Pelican, Coleman, Saginaw, Big Arroyo, Upper and Middle lakes and Wisconsin River (Hemlock County).

PENNSYLVANIA: Conestoga Lake has produced only one musky this season but OG after Labor Day and end of season; Potomac Dam yielding many small fish; Allegheny River fishing improving in Warren and Forest county sections and OG.

STEELHEAD TRAIL, MICHIGAN: Superior Sp. fishing for steelhead improving in Indian area of Boyer River with Royal Canadian hatchery raising fish and now S. C. OG.

CALIFORNIA: Klamath River slow but OG as fish are expected to move up river soon.

WASHINGTON: Summer-run steelhead fishing was at peak last week on (Hoyan) Grapple with many fish taken on upstream of trail; Klallam and Nisqually rivers showing good sport in

afternoon and early evening; North Fork of Steigerwald slow; fish to 18 pounds taking cherry suckers as the big gravel but near Livingston (Columbia River).

BARFORD, ALABAMA: "Barfy Day" of Tampa Tampa tournament was good for musky and only two Stanley Day; not for A. C. Hernandez where 22-pound fish got him the first-place Cherry-stripe weight.

TEXAS: Bad weather keeping OG until suitable for musky and prospects for next week poor.

PACIFIC SALMON: OREGON: Prospects excellent for chinook and coho fishing as later "Shutes" along Columbia River after more than 15,000 in prison. River is still low; large fish are offshore and trawls are running.

CALIFORNIA: Truffles hit jackpot of Golden Gate during rain weather last week, with 45-pound top fish and OH; good trailing of Santa Cruz; Klamath River slow but OG.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Fishing at Campbell River, Oregon, Columbia Bay, Brown's Bay and Harte Sound in full season with 10 pounds running in the boats (Harte Bay, California's 60-pound fish taken at Campbell River was broken reported); and OH last few weeks. Efforts are still being beginning to show at water, place with big fish run produced; PG at Qualicum, Comox, Little River and most numerous Vancouver area, improving at Gibsons, Caples and lower mainland.

WASHINGTON: Westport at Gray's Harbor showed best salmon fishing in Washington waters last week with many chinooks up to 45 pounds and others to 25 pounds; Skagit Bay next best lot.

ALASKA: Tustumena watershed: Fish in 100-pound class showing in Inupiat Bay and Cape Cod waters with OH for big fish to turn up shortly.

ALASKA: Hilsenrath: 110-pound tuna caught by 14-year-old John Baker of Bridgeport, Conn., off Green Hill last week, with PG for fish in 100-pound class at Alaska Island, Nakagawa Shima and Nakagawa, 1000 fishermen reported in show up for U.S. Atlantic Tuna Tournament with headquarters at Galilee, Aug. 31 to Sept. 2.

NOVA SCOTIA: Twelve tuna, heaviest 600 pounds landed at Wedport last Saturday and fish are plentiful.

CHAMPLAIN BASIN, NORTH CAROLINA: Small fishermen are taking good fish from beach between Kitty Hawk and Manteo and southeast on Hatteras Island to Roanoke Inlet, with OH through next two weeks.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NOVA SCOTIA: Most rivers high and OH as fish move upstream steadily; top-producing rivers are St. Mary's, Miramichi and Petit Rocher.

MAINE: As open of fall run at any of Maine's numerous salmon rivers up to 18 pounds may occur; Miramichi N. P. OH through Sept.



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Any moment, now, it will happen... a little hand reaching... a puppy-dog wagging... and suddenly a big and his new dog will be romping together in the beginning of time.

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Whoever helps you at COLBY'S is a trained decorator who wants you to have the right piece for your room . . . not just any item that happens along. That's why he'll probably ask you how you live . . . entertain . . . perhaps sketch a floor plan to see exactly what will best fit your needs.

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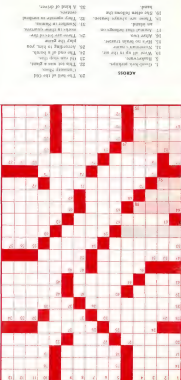
MATCHWIT PUZZLE

Duet with the Dictionary

Here is a new kind of word game which is our own invention. Naturally we hope it will be a new delight to puzzle fans. Those who have competed for first possession of the familiar crossword in the past now can sit down to a friendly (we hope) test of wits. Although the Matchwit Puzzle

can be solved by one person, it really is designed as a contest between facing opponents. First one finishes, of course, wins, but you will notice that there are overlapping words that permit one player to do the other in the eye, a pleasantly evil trick that makes the game that much more fun.

1. There's been a man.
2. They carry a large.
3. A light matter.
4. This is a machine.
5. It's not too hot to be in.
6. The best of the old.
7. A kind of drink.
8. They make a good drink.
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100. A kind of drink.





ACROSS

1. Punch's advice to people about to marry.
2. Famous Mr.
3. Marjorie and family.
4. Marge in the family.
5. One way to float in the ocean.
6. The state in which you enter a hat.
7. Sign.
8. An example of the third degree.
9. It's nevertheless.
10. When it's not it's a way to count.
11. Underpinning for legions.
12. Race.
13. What the bell boy did.
14. This is certainly not apples.

15. A case of air conditioning on a small scale.
16. Boy who grew up to be a musician.
17. A kind of motor.
18. This way you're sure to be alone.
19. What, unless usually are.
20. The gentlemen with slates.
21. Roman man.
22. It's red hot and always on the brain.
23. The Confidential Clerk's monogram.
24. When this is up it can get you down.
25. Proper name for a flower girl.
26. Bob's last name.
27. He doesn't contribute to

the sinking fund.

28. A mistake to put you on a diet.
29. Caper V.I.P.
30. He's heard in recordings.
31. Milly's last name.
32. It's often associated with age.
33. This bird sounds very beautiful.
34. Where to see the ferry slip.
35. Famous store.
36. All bright people should have one.
37. These are good things to crop.
38. Part of a Great Lake.
39. New looks.
40. Minutes in on a TV show.
41. What to wear at a forum.
42. Brave man in a bark ship.
43. Time to go to the mat.
44. The start of a speech.
45. High points.
46. They're always refined.
47. Surge or crop.
48. Worked with a garden party.
49. This is in league with the Yankees.
50. Catch's friend.
51. Famous Gardner.
52. This bird has color to begin with.
53. Signified's born is partly red.
54. On a slope.
55. Navy's companion.
56. He could be a match.
57. A kind of bed.
58. Members of the two-man set.
59. Lipids, not fruit.

DOWN

1. Hander.
2. Potpourri.
3. Word from a bird.
4. Something to keep in the neck.
5. Three cents.
6. Kind of boy.
7. If you're this, it's not good.
8. March takes a trip carrying two clippers.
9. Relative of three ducks.
10. This will bring a lot of you.
11. Top made from a potato.
12. What a sailor should always be.
13. Indigo in a ship game.
14. "Coming in on a wing-prayer."
15. Where a bird always is.
16. First thing to do when getting a divorce.
17. Cold or hot proposition.
18. Lines here.
19. Highly informative initials.
20. Dear me, it's done over.
21. Movable piece of a golf course.
22. It runs into the Rhine.
23. He's engaged in shooting.
24. Fox's first name.
25. Place to receive M. mail.
26. This is done with mirrors.
27. My friend in the hairy set.
28. This is all cut up.
29. Member of the chain gang.
30. A call sometimes made with you.
31. This is used for fore-legs.
32. Very modest talk.
33. He gets equal billing.
34. On a date, she makes Indiana defense.
35. Calmed down.
36. Gathered in crowds.
37. One of Duke Goldberg's nicknames.
38. Only boyfriend.
39. What he did.
40. He's a dark number.
41. Three letters from Treasure Island.
42. Something for the thin man.
43. Knap from running wild.
44. One like Rhinoceros.
45. Schoolmaster in Scotland.
46. Head snap offered in Singapore.
47. The rest they need.
48. Ready at the bar.
49. Min has lady sisters.
50. The best on a party.
51. Nickname of an Indian pitcher.
52. They make signs.
53. Ghast talk.
54. Can's last name.
55. A lot of girl scouts.

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THE SOLUTION

Some crossword-puzzle experts say they never have to check their results against an official answer. Most of us, however, do. If you'd like the solution to this puzzle, write to Mutch-wit, Secrets Distribution, 5 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y. 26, N.Y.



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BOWLING



UNDER THE ANHEUSER-BUSCH

A new crack bowling team is being readied for action

by VICTOR KALMAN

FORMING a top-notch bowling team is as big a gamble as buying a colt at a yearling sale. No matter how matchless its background, you can't know until after the race whether you have a champion or a plug. Time and again a sponsor has lined up five of the country's best bowlers, only to discover too late that they weren't temperamentally suited to roll as a team.

Summer is the time when these risky decisions are made, and the past few weeks have brought interesting realignments and one brand-new outfit—the Budweiser quintet of St. Louis. In organizing the Budweiser team, Whittie Harris seems to have avoided the errors many captains commit when they suddenly are handed \$25,000 to \$50,000 and told: "Get us a championship team." He not only has acquired five individual stars, including National Champion Don Carter, but each already has proved himself a team man.

In addition to Carter, who won the U.S. title the past two years and helped the great Pfeiffers of Detroit capture more awards than any team in bowling history, the Budweisers include Don McClaren and Billy Wolf, current American Bowling Congress doubles champions; Ray Bluth, winner of several top occupations, who has a 124-game average of 240 plus in the All Star Classic; and Pat Patterson, also a leading money winner, who rolled a 300 game and averaged 233 in the St. Louis Major League last season.

Whether the Budweisers will prove a threat to the Stroks of Detroit, U.S. match game champions, remains to be seen. Usually men must roll together for several years before they become a great team. Harris' combination has an advantage, however, in that every member was raised in St. Louis and has rolled with or against the others before.

The Pfeiffers, meanwhile, have found a strong replacement for Carter. He is

Bill Lillard, obtained from the former Jockey-Coopers of Chicago. Lillard, one of the country's best at 28, was junior champion of Texas and moved to Chicago after winning the Texas State all-events title in 1951. He was runner-up for the national championship the same year, finished third in 1952 and last season was second-high-average man in the North End Traveling League with 305. The other members of the Pfeiffer team, which won two consecutive ABC titles and held the U.S. title from 1949 till the end of 1952, have been rolling together since 1945.

STROKS ARE STRONGER

The champion Stroks appear to have gained strength since they unseated the Pfeiffers. Of all the top teams in the country, Stroh is the only one to remain intact this year. To give you an idea how tough they will be to beat, five Stroks finished among the seven high-average men in the Detroit Times All-Star Classic, a traveling league. Basil ("Bun") Fazio hit 215, Ed Lubinski 209, Tom Hennessey 207, Tony Liedemann 206 and Lee Jougard 203. Pete Carter, the "sixth man," averaged 204. Only Young (205) and Gibson (205), both of the Pfeiffers, were

able to crack the solid Stroh front.

Of the nation's other strong teams, probably the best are the King Louies of Cleveland (Johnny Klara, John Peters, Al Novak, Joe Kinoff and Hank Claypoole) and the Buddy Bessar-Ned Day-Richard ("Robby") Robinson-Charles Hamilton-Earl Johnson quintet of Chicago. Johnson was brought in from Tacoma, Wash. to replace Lillard.

The East has not come up with a strong challenger since the championships began in 1934. This is largely because no sponsor has yet put up the \$25,000 plus each year for a minimum of three years required to build a team of championship caliber.

The Steels of Middletown, Ohio may never win the U.S. title, but they are almost certain to set some sort of record. A. J. Steele (average 189) is lead-off man. He is followed by his four sons—Robert (180), Ken (180), Mel (189) and C. E. Steele (182). The team used to practice against another Steele team composed of Mrs. A. J. Steele and her four daughters-in-law. Two of the girls were forced to drop out, however, because of additions to the family. Pop Steele, now in his 60s, figures he can keep going until the eldest grandson replaces him in the line-up.

OUT OF CHARACTER

A DANDY PERFORMER

Whether as a rigged actor (right) in a French movie or as a fighter with a hard right cross, this man always was a crowd pleaser. Though he had never scored over the light-heavyweight limit, he was brought to the U.S. by Tex Rickard in 1921 to fight Jack Dempsey for the first million-dollar gate. Gallant as he was, this fighter was no match for Dempsey. Riding his time, the champion scored a knockout in the fourth round over:

JOHN L. SULLIVAN





"THE ACCOMPANYING ILLUSTRATION will please everybody who takes any enjoyment in the game," said *Harper's Weekly* of this picture in 1871. "The workmen have come out . . . to mow the lawn into perfect smoothness, and make it as even as we trust the paths of the players may be through life."



THE EARLY RULES required a player to place a clip on the stick he was shooting for. Later, when the croquet grass reached its zenith, mallet sockets were fastened to the hoops for night play.

THE LADIES LOVED IT

A pioneer among U.S. sports, croquet was the first game played by women



THE GAME of croquet, which arrived here from England during the Civil War and swept the country like a plague, is unique in the history of American

sports. It is the first outdoor game played by women, the first played by both sexes. Victorian ladies, hampered by multi-layered petticoats as well as by the prime proprieties of the era, were barred from such manly sports as baseball or cricket, although an occasional booby would try her hand at the English game. "Ladies have been known to play at cricket, but with doubtful success," frowned *Harper's Weekly* in 1878, and added that "their tauting and running are dreadfully embarrassed by their petticoats, and few of them have the nerve to stand the approach of a swift ball."

In croquet there were no swift balls. The pace was slow, the atmosphere genteel and the new pastime soon became a "courtship game" which afforded, as *Harper's Weekly* noted, "the most delightful opportunities for flirtations . . . and perhaps this is just what makes it so popular with the frequenters of summer resorts."

Its popularity was not limited to summer resorts, however. When the craze was at its height for some 20 years following the Civil War, no home was complete without its croquet lawn, a mark of social distinction comparable to the Hollywood swimming pool today. So widespread did the game become that it caused Captain Mayne Reid, author of *Croquet* (1888), to groan: "Croquet has lost much of its aristocratic exclusiveness."

The captain's playing rules were basically the same as today's: driving the ball through a series of hoops from the starting peg and back. Croquet-

ting, i.e., sending off the opponent's ball, was then, as now, the game's most devastating maneuver.

The Park Place Croquet Club of Brooklyn, organized in 1884, was the country's first croquet club. As dozens more came into being so did manufacturers of croquet sets. At first the equipment had no uniformity and the rules evolved with each set varied according to the ideas of the different firms.

A big step toward standardization of rules and equipment was made when the National Croquet Association was formed in 1882 at Norwich, Conn., where the first national tournament was held that year. A few years later scientific croquet emerged under the name of rope, literally the heart of croquet: *etioqueit*. Completely standardized and requiring skill and strategy, rope has little resemblance to the Victorian courtship game which first took women out of dooms to participate in sports with men.



AS IT WAS PLAYED in America in the '90s, croquet was a gentlemanly rather than a test of skill. Players, lawn and poor equipment did not keep it from being the great courtship game of the era.



AS IT WAS IMAGINED in England (*Punch*, Aug. 6, 1884) war croquet players used mallets as war clubs and worked 24-pound cannon balls through triumphal arches.

LAST LAUGH



"Why can't we just go for a swim, daddy?"



"He's the man from the Federal Communications Commission. He says you can't go on the air."



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